

Illustrated News

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THE CANADIAN FISHERIES.

THERE can be little doubt but that the exceptionally prominent notice which Canadian policy received in the last Message of President Grant indicates the growing importance of our country. It was the fashion, in former

MESSAGES, to dismiss "the British Provinces" with a very brief notice, indeed; but now-a-days we have Fishery questions and navigation privileges discussed at far more length than the relations of the United States with any one of the independent countries of Europe or America. To this extent the new Dominion has been flattered, and

mADE sensible of its growing importance. But beyond this we cannot express any great satisfaction with the prominent position assigned to us, though every Canadian must have been pleased with the universal opinion of the press of the Dominion, so emphatically recorded against the pretensions of the American Executive, and so



THE BUTTER SCALES, BONSECOURS MARKET, MONTREAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.

unanimously in favour of the policy of the Ottawa Government.

We have received a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, entitled, "Review of President Grant's Recent Message * * * relative to the Canadian Fisheries and the "Navigation of the St. Lawrence River," in which the author discusses the two subjects in the light of all the facts as yet brought out, and ably presents the Canadian and common sense view of both the issues involved. The author does not favour the public with his name, but it is evident that he has had access to the official documents connected with the issues raised by the President, and he has discussed them fully, and, upon the whole, temperately, exhibiting in a very strong light the unwarranted assumptions of the American Executive. These questions are of serious importance to Canada, especially in the light of recent events in Europe, which indicate that any day England may be involved in a struggle that would strap her hands from interference on this continent. We cannot expect too much from the parent State; but if Canada keeps within the bounds of treaty obligations, especially if, as has been done during the past year, the Americans are allowed a little more than their rights; if they are but mildly punished for their poaching, or only condemned after the clearest evidence, then Canada has the right to expect at the hands of the Empire, its full strength, moral and material, to aid her in maintaining her position. As we have remarked before there is an instinctive spirit in the British nation to claim its every right at sea; and no calamity would be greater to the prospects of the Empire than the curtailment of its preserves for the nursery of its navy. Other countries, in different geographical positions, may trust their defences to their hundreds of thousands of soldiers; Canada herself may aspire, at some remote day, to the barbarous distinction of being able to put half a million of fighting men into the field. But the British Isles have few opportunities of massing such vast bodies of men, except upon their own territory, which it is unquestionably the vital interest of the nation to keep inviolate. Now only "the hearts of oak" and ships of iron can do this. Even the capacity for the transport of land forces to points beyond sea depends upon the navy and mercantile marine, and these in turn are largely recruited from and dependent upon the fisheries. We have hopes therefore, that England will be both firm and conciliatory in dealing with this question—firm because it is not in manhood to see one's rights despoiled at the instance of unjustifiable pretensions, or in obedience to an undeserved menace; and conciliatory because the vast interests which would be jeopardised through a rupture with America are such as to make either nation shrink from taking the step that would cause a war with the other. The hazard is too great, the stake too immense, to warrant the indulgence of an irritating or unfriendly policy on either side; and happily the Canadian record has been one which will enable Great Britain to enter with clean hands on the settlement of the matters in dispute. This record is ably vindicated in the pamphlet referred to, and, with the official documents reprinted in the appendices, establishes fully the justice of the Canadian claims, and the moderation of the Canadian policy, both as to the fisheries and the navigation of the St. Lawrence. The latter subject is, indeed, beyond discussion, from the simple fact that, though the waters flow from the Upper Lakes to the sea, the natural channel is unnavigable; and any "right" to its use would be utterly worthless, unless supplemented by the privilege of using the Canadian Canals, in which even President Grant will not pretend that the United States have any proprietary interest.

"HOW THE UHLANS CATCH POULTRY."

There is a comic or amusing side to employments of the most ghastly and disagreeable nature. The grave-digger is not always without his joke, nor the soldier on the battlefield, face to face with death though he stands, always debarred from the enjoyment of a frolic. The Uhlans, these terrible soldiers who have acquired such a reputation during the war between France and Prussia—or rather, let us now say, between Prussia and France—have a way of making their amusements profitable. Our illustration shows how they catch poultry, and we presume that even a dull fancy will readily suggest what they do with them when bagged.

ALBERT COLLEGE, BELLEVILLE.

Among the public institutions of the thriving town of Belleville, the county town of Hastings Co., Ontario, the Albert College of which we give a view in this Number from a photograph by Mr. J. D. Wallace, holds a prominent place. The institution is under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, but is open to the members of all denominations, without interference with the religious faith of the pupils. There is also the Albert University, and the Methodist Ladies College, Belleville, under the same management as the College. Albert College was first incorporated in 1857 as "Belleville Seminary," under which title it rapidly acquired a Provincial reputation as an important and successful educational institution; and in 1866 its title was changed by

Act of Parliament to that of "Albert College," at which time university powers were conferred upon the authorities as they were, during the same session of Parliament, upon those of several other colleges. Albert College is presided over by the Rev. Philander Smith, D. D., and the Rev. James Richardson, D. D., Bishops or General Superintendents of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada; and has a large and efficient staff of Professors. The terms begin on the second Thursday of September, the first Thursday of January, and the second Thursday of April. The entrance examinations to the University are held during the last week of June and the second week of September.

THE PRESBYTERIAN UNION COMMITTEE.

We present our readers in this issue with a reproduction of Inglis's photograph of the Committee which met on the 28th of September last for the purpose of considering the best means of effecting a union between the various branches of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. The committee met in St. Paul's Church, Montreal, under the Presidency of Dr. Cook, of Quebec. Representatives were present from the following churches;—the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connexion with the Church of Scotland, the Canada Presbyterian Church, the Presbyterian Church of the Maritime Provinces in connexion with the Church of Scotland, and the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces. The Original Picture, which is a most artistic grouping, is on exhibition at Inglis's Gallery and those who may desire to preserve a memento of the Presbyterian Union Committee can obtain reduced copies at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$5 per copy. We would announce to our Hamilton readers that it is the intention of Mr. Inglis to open Photographic Rooms in that city in connection with his Montreal Establishment.

The following are the names of the delegates and spectators present at the meeting, numbered for reference to the illustration.

MEMBERS OF COMMITTEE.

1. Dr. Cook, President of Committee, Quebec.
2. Dr. Bayne, Pictou, N. S.
3. Rev. Robt. Ure, Goderich, Ont.
4. Hon. Alex. Morris, Perth, Ont.
5. J. J. Bremner, Esq., Halifax, N. S.
6. Principal Snodgrass, Queen's College, Kingston, Ont.
7. Rev. Geo. Christie, Yarmouth, N. S.
8. Rev. G. M. Grant, Halifax, N. S.
9. Hon. J. Robertson, St. John, N. B.
10. Rev. A. Pollock, New Glasgow, N. S.
11. Hon. J. McMurrich, Toronto, Ont.
12. Hon. J. Holmes, Pictou, N. S.
13. Henry B. Webster, Esq., Kentville, N. S.
14. David Laird, Esq., Charlottetown, P. E. I.
15. Rev. D. Macrae, Hopewell, N. S.
16. Thos. Macrae, Esq., Guelph, Ont.
17. James Croil, Esq., Montreal.
18. Sheriff McDougall, Lindsay, Ont.
19. Rev. James Bennet, S. Johns, N. B.
20. Rev. Dr. Taylor, Montreal, Q.
21. D. McKay, Esq., Montreal, Q.
22. Rev. Dr. Topp, Secretary to Com., Toronto, Ont.

SPECTATORS.

1. Andrew Robertson, Esq., Montreal.
2. Laird Patton, Esq., Montreal.
3. Rev. J. M. Gibson, Erskine Church, Montreal.
4. J. C. Becket, Esq., Montreal.
5. Rev. Dr. Burns, Cotte St. Church, Montreal.
6. Rev. W. M. Black, St. Mark's Church, Montreal.
7. J. Burns, Esq., Montreal.
8. Rev. Dr. Jenkins, St. Paul's Church, Montreal.
9. Rev. Thos. Fraser, Montreal.
10. Rev. J. Fraser, "
11. J. Rankin, Esq., "
12. J. Hunter, Esq., "
13. P. D. Browne, Esq., "
14. Professor Coussirat, "
15. Professor McVicar, "
16. Rev. Mr. Young, St. Joseph St. Church, Montreal.
17. T. Bremner, Esq., Editor of Presbyterian.
18. Rev. M. Massey, American Presbyterian Mission.
19. Rev. Robt. Campbell, St. Gabriel Street.
20. A. Ferguson, Esq.
21. Rev. Charles Doudiet, French Canadian Mission.

PLACING A TORPEDO AT PILLAU.

The great fear entertained by the Germans, after the declaration of war by the French Government, was that the Imperial fleet, the second in Europe in point of number, discipline and equipment, would make a formidable descent upon the ill-protected coast of the territory of the North German confederation, thereby creating a diversion from the main point of attack and necessitating the withdrawal of a considerable portion of the army from the Rhine frontier for the purpose of defending the sea-board. Every possible precaution was accordingly taken to obviate the necessity of diminishing the force of the Rhine army, and to render the attack by sea, should it be undertaken, as difficult as possible. The light-ships and beacons usually stationed along the line of the coast were removed, and the mouths of the principal rivers and the entrance of the more important harbours were rendered difficult of access in every possible manner permitted by marine warfare. At Kiel, Dantzic, Pillau, and all the great naval stations in the Baltic, gunboats were stationed for the purpose of harassing the enemy, and torpedoes were sunk in the principal channels through which the enemy's fleet would have to pass. Our illustration shows a company of the Kiel Torpedo Corps at work sinking a torpedo in the channel leading to Pillau.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE IRON CROSS AT VERSAILLES.

Several distributions of the coveted Iron Cross have taken place since the King of Prussia took up his quarters at Versailles, but few were so imposing as that of the 27th of September, which took place in the great square before what was once the imperial palace. The Crown Prince stood at the foot of the equestrian statue of Louis XIV; before him were drawn up the men who were to receive the decoration—all

of them belonging to infantry corps. The Prince spoke a few words to the men, who were then called out one by one. Each man as he drew up before the Prince presented arms, received his cross and returned to the ranks. The ceremony was hardly concluded, before the guns of Issy and Mont-rouge opened fire, and the troops had to be hurried off in time to repel a sortie.

A GERMAN OUTPOST BEFORE FORT NOGENT.

Fort Nogent, with Rosny, Noisy, Romainville, and the rest of the forts lying to the west of Paris, is the object of the greatest attention and the closest watch on the part of the Saxon army, the lines of which extend along this side of the beleaguered city from the Marne to Le Blanc Mesnil. Our illustration shows one of the numerous outposts of the Saxon army in this vicinity. In the rear is the Fort, situated on an eminence, so as to command the whole of the surrounding country, and on either side are visible the villages of Nogent and Rosny, that give their names to the neighbouring forts. To the extreme left is the railway-bridge over the Marne, destroyed by the French at the approach of the German army. To the right is the Fort of Rosny, half hid behind the hill of Avron. The Saxon outpost is entrenched behind a barricade formed of every material available for the purpose, including sofas and chairs and other articles of household furniture. The central group is formed of a number of pickets who have captured a solitary Franc Tireur, whose weapons—of English manufacture—the Germans are curiously examining.

THE PROVINCIAL PENITENTIARY, KINGSTON.

Kingston Penitentiary, the scene of the crime which was expiated by two convicts a few days ago, is the subject of one of our illustrations this week. It is a large, massive stone building standing about a mile west of the city. It is conducted on the principle of the United States prisons, with such improvements as the Penitentiary Directors have from time to time introduced. This system has been found to work extremely well, as is testified by the orderly condition of the institution, and the rare occurrence of such acts of violence, only too common in prisons and penitentiaries, as that which occurred during the past summer.

According to the information supplied by the commissioners in their First Annual Report we find that during the year 1868 the average number of convicts was 802 males and 60 females. The terms of sentence passed on these varied from two years to fourteen, excepting of course those who were sentenced for life.

It is our intention to refer to this institution at a future period, when we shall probably furnish several illustrations of the scenes incident to its internal administration, &c.

The *Montreal Gazette* says:

"How often does Xmas fall on Sunday. A pretty question of mental arithmetic which has puzzled a good many persons the last few days, and which few are able to answer correctly off-hand, if they have not previously had occasion to think of the matter. Some will answer boldly every seven years, because there are seven days in the week, and the 25th December comes one day later in the week every year. Others will remember that leap year is a disturbing element in the calculation, and will say the answer is every six years, deducting one for the effect of leap year. A smaller number of persons will remember that as leap year occurs every fourth year, it must sometimes occur twice before the seven days of the week are passed over. Fewer still bear in mind that leap year must sometimes make Xmas jump over the Sunday. Those who think it out will find that the event occurs in a series of 11, 6, 5, and 6 years, and that this series is regularly repeated. In other words, the years on which Xmas falls on Sunday will be 1870 *plus* 11, *plus* 6, *plus* 5, *plus* 6; then *plus* 11, &c., as before. So, in reality, it occurs four times in twenty-eight years, or, *on an average*, once in seven years. It may comfort some who lost a holiday this year to know that Xmas will not again fall on a Sunday till 1881. May their relish for a holiday be as keen then as now!

Hall's *Journal of Health* urges rest from stimulating brain labor. Insanity, it says, always comes on with increasing sleeplessness, and the first step toward recovery is a growing ability to sleep. Too much business stimulates the brain; and if this is continued too long the inevitable results are either insanity, paralysis or apoplexy. Insanity is caused by too much blood being in the arteries of the brain; paralysis is a loss of power—the parts have worked so much they can work no more; apoplexy is when the vessels of the brain are so full, so distended that they are ruptured. The person who is kept up to the working point by any artificial stimulant runs a dangerous risk of losing life or reason.

The courtship and marriage of M. Guizot were, according to the *Telegraph*, the most romantic ever chronicled:—"At the house of the editor of a periodical for which he wrote, he often met a young lady named Pauline de Meulan, who, like him, supported herself by her pen. Mademoiselle de Meulan fell ill; she was the mainstay of her mother and sisters, and during her forced abstinence from literary labour, the whole family were in danger of falling into distress. One morning she received a long paper, in a disguised hand, but in precise imitation of her own literary style, with a note stating that while her illness continued articles equally suited to the magazine on which she was engaged would be forwarded to her. When Mdlle. de Meulan recovered her health, she made every effort to discover her unknown benefactor, but in vain. At length he presented himself; it was the shy, austere man of letters whom she had so often met at the editor's house; and shortly afterwards Mdlle. Pauline de Meulan became Madame Guizot."

The Fenian convicts were released from Portland Prison last Friday week.

Mr. John Walter, son of the principal proprietor of the *London Times*, has been drowned while skating.

Mr. Gladstone has found it necessary to publish a letter denying his conversion to Roman Catholicism.

THE POETRY AND HUMOUR OF THE SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.

(From *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

Continued from No. 25.

Skaith, danger, mischief, harm :—"I rede ye weel, take care o' *skaith*."
—Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.*Slogan*, the war-cry of a clan :—"When the streets of high Dunedin,
Saw lances gleam and falchions redden,
And heard the *slogan's* deadly yell."
—Scott: *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.*Snell*, sharp, biting, keen, lively.—Johnson, in his Dictionary, says this is an obsolete word in England, though it is commonly used to the north of the Humber :—" (Sir Madoc) was a handy man, and snell
In tournament, and eke in fight."
—Morte Arthur."Shivering from cold, the season was so *snell*."
—Douglas: *Eneid*."The winds blew *snell*."
—Allan Ramsay."And bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith *snell* and keen."
—Burns: *To a Mouse*.*Snool*, to flatter abjectly, to cringe, to crawl :—"Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Ow're blate to seek, ow're proud to *snool*,"
—Burns: *A Bard's Epitaph*.*Snurl*, to ruffle the surface of the waters with a wind; metaphorically applied to the temper of man or woman :—"Northern blasts the ocean *snurl*."
—Allan Ramsay.*Sonsie*, from the Gaelic *sonas*, good-fortune; good-humoured, comely, likely to be fortunate :—"His honest *sonsie* face,
Got him good friends in ilka place."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*."He's tall and *sonsie*, frank and free,
He's lo'd by a', and dear to me;
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
Because my Robin lo'es me."
—Chambers's *Scottish Songs*, vol. ii.*Sugh*, or *sough*, a sigh; more particularly the mournful sigh or sound of the wind among the trees or tall sedge-grass or rushes. This beautiful and expressive word is evidently from the same root as the Greek *Psyche*, the soul; though Richardson, in his Dictionary, derives it from "suck"—the sucking or drawing in of the breath, previous to the emission. Burns uses both *sugh* and *sough* :—"When lo, on either hand! * * *
The clanging *sugh* of whistling wings is heard."
—The *Brigs of Ayr*."November chill blows loud wi' angry *sough*,"
—Cottar's *Saturday Night*."The wavy swell of the *soughing* reeds."
—Tennyson: *The Dying Swan*."A minister in his Sabbath services expressed the wishes of his congregation in prayer as follows:—'O Lord, we pray Thee to send us wind; no a rantin', tantin', tearin' wind; but a noughin', *soughin'*, winnin' wind.'"—Dean Ramsay.*Spate*, a flood or freshet, from the overflow of a river or lake; also metaphorically an overflow of idle talk :—"The water was great and mickle of *spate*."
—Kinnmont Willie."Even like a mighty river that runs down in *spate* to the sea."—W.E. Aytoun: *Blackwood's Magazine*."The Laird of Balmamon was a truly eccentric character. He joined with his drinking propensities a great zeal for the Episcopal Church. One Sunday, having visitors, he read the services and prayers with great solemnity and earnestness. After dinner, he, with the true Scotch hospitality of the time, set to, to make his guests as drunk as possible. Next day, when they took their departure, one of the visitors asked another what he thought of the laird. 'Why, really,' he replied, 'sic a *spate* o' praying, and sic a *spate* o' drinking, I never knew in all the course of my life.'"—Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*.*Stance*, situation, standing-place or foundation :—"No! sooner may the Saxon lance,
Unfix Benledi from his *stance*!"
—Scott: *Lady of the Lake*."He never advanced
From the place he was *stanced*
Till was no more to do there at a', man."
—The *Battle of Sheriff-Muir*."We would recommend any Yankee believer in England's decay to take his *stance* in Fleet Street or any of our great thoroughfares, and ask himself whether it would be wise to meddle with any member of that busy and strenuous crowd."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, June, 1869.*Sturt*, trouble, sorrow, vexation, strife; to vex, disturb, annoy :—"And aye the less they hae to *sturt* 'em,
In less proportion less will hurt 'em."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*."I've lived a life of *sturt* and strife."
—Macpherson's *Farewell*.*Swirl*, to turn rapidly, to eddy, to curl :—"His tail
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a *swirl*."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*."The mill-wheel spun and *swirl'd*,
And the mill-stream danced in the morning light,
And all its eddies curl'd."
—Mackay: *The Lump of Gold*.*Theek*, to thatch :—"Oh, Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lassies,
They biggit a bower by yon burn brae,
And *theekit* it o'er wi' rashes."
—Old Ballad.*Thirl*, to strike a string of an instrument so as to make it tremble and quiver :—"There was ae sang
That some kind husband had addressed
To some sweet wife,
It *thirl'd* the heart-strings through the breast,
A' to the life."
—Burns: *Epistle to Lapraik*.*Thole*, to endure, to suffer. This word was once common all over England, and occurs in Chaucer, Gower and Piers Ploughman :—"All that Christ *tholed*."
—Piers Ploughman."So muckle wo as I with you have *tholed*."
—Chaucer."He who *tholes* conquers."
"He that has a good crop ought to *thole* a few thistles."
"Better *thole* a grumph than a sumph," (i. e., better endure an uncourteous man than a blockhead.)
—Allan Ramsay's *Scotts Proverbs*.*Thrave*, a bunch, a lot, a company, an assembly.—"A thrave of corn," says Blount's Glossographia, 1681, "is two stooks of six, or rather twelve sheaves apiece. The word comes from the British *threva*, twenty-four. In most counties of England twenty-four sheaves do now go to a *thrave*. Twelve sheaves make a stook, and two stooks make a *thrave*."—"And after cometh a knave,
The worst of the *thrave*."
—Landsdowne MS.: quoted in Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*,
"He sends forth *thraves* of ballads."
—Bishop Hall."A daimen icker in a *thrave*
'Sa sma' request;
I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,
And never miss't."
—Burns: *To a Mouse*.*Thud*, a dull, heavy blow.—No English Dictionary, from Johnson to Worcester, contains this expressive word :—"The fearful *thuds* of the tempestuous tide."
—Gavin Douglas: *Translation of the Eneid*."The air grew rough with boisterous *thuds*."
—Allan Ramsay: *The Vision*.*Tine*, to lose; *tint*, lost :—"What was *tint* through tree,
Tree shall it win."
—Piers Ploughman."He never *tint* a cow that grat for a needle."
"Where there is nothing, the king *tines* his right,"
"All's not *tint* that's in danger.""Better spoil your joke than *tine* your friend."
"Tine heart—all's gone."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scotts Proverbs*."Next my heart I'll wear her
For fear my jewel *tine*."
—Burns.*Tirl*, to strive to turn the knob, the pin, or other fastening of a door.—This word is of constant occurrence in the ballad-poetry of Scotland :—"Oh, he's gone round and round about,
And *tirled* at the pin."
—Willie and May Margaret.*Tirl*, to spin round as in a whirl-wind, to unroof with a high wind :—"Whyles on the strong-winged tempest flying,
Tirling the kirks."
—Burns: *Address to the Deil*.*Tron*.—There is a *Tron* Church in Edinburgh and another in Glasgow; but the Scottish glossaries and Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary make no mention of the word. It would appear from a passage in Hone's 'Every-day Book' that "Tron" signified a public weighing-machine or scale in a market-place, where purchasers of commodities might without fee satisfy themselves that the weight of the purchase was correct according to the charge. Hence a "Tron Church" was a church in the market-place near which the public weighing-machine was established.*Tryste*, an appointed place of meeting, a rendezvous.—This word occurs in Chaucer, and in several old English MSS. of his period, but is not used by later writers. "To bide *tryste*," to be true to time and place of meeting :—"You walk late, sir," said I. "I bide *tryste*," was the reply, 'and so I think do you, Mr. Osbaldistone.'"—Sir Walter Scott: *Rob Roy*."The tenderest-hearted maid
That ever bided *tryste* at village stile."
—Tennyson."By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named the *trysting* day."
—Lord Macaulay."No maidens with blue eyes
Dream of the *trysting* hour
Or bridal's happier time."
—Mackay: *Under Green Leaves*."When I came to Ardour I wrote to Lochiel to *tryste* me where to meet him."—Letter from Rob Roy to General Gordon: Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*.*Twine*, to rob, to deprive :—"Brandy * * *
Twines many a poor, doyt, drucken hash
Of half his days."
—Burns: *Scotch Drink*.*Tyke*, a mongrel, a stray dog, a rough dog :—"Base *tyke*, call'st thou me lost?"
—Shakespeare: *Henry V*."Nae tawted (uncombed) *tyke*."
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*."He was a gash and faithful *tyke*."
—Idem."I'm as tired of it as a *tyke* of lang kail."
"You have lost your own stomach and a *tyke's*."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scotts Proverbs*.*Wanchancie*, unlucky :—"Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile *wanchancie* thing—a rape."
—Burns: *Poor Mailie's Elegy*.*Wanrestful*, restless, unruly, uneasy :—"An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile *wanrestful* pets."
—Burns: *Poor Mailie*.*Wean*, a little child; a *weanie*, a very little child—from "we ane," little one.*Wee*, little, diminutive, very little.—This word, apparently from the Saxon *wenig*, small, occurs in Shakespeare, and is common in colloquial and familiar English, though not in literary composition. It is sometimes used as an intensification of littleness, as "a little *wee* child," "a little *wee* bit" :—"A *wee* house well filled,
A *wee* farm well tilled,
A *wee* wife well will'd,
Mak' a happy man.""A *wee* mouse can creep under a great haystack."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scotts Proverbs*.*Weird*, or *wierd*.—Most English dictionaries misdefine this word, which has two different significations; one as a noun, the other as an adjective. In English literature, from Shakespeare's time downwards, it exists as an adjective only, and is held to mean unearthly, ghastly, or witchlike. Before Shakespeare's time, and in Scottish poetry and parlance to the present day, the word is a noun, and signifies "fate" or "destiny"—derived from the Teutonic *werden*, to become, or that which shall be. Chaucer, in 'Troilus and Cressida,' has the line—"O Fortune! executrice of *wierdes*!"

and Gower, in a manuscript in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries, says,—

"It were a wondrous *wierde*,
To see a king become a herde."

In this sense the word continues to be used in Scotland :—

"A man may woo where he will, but he maun where his *wierd* is."
"She is a wise wife that kens her ain *wierd*."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scotts Proverbs*."The *wierd* her dearest bairn befel
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie."
—Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Border*.

Shakespeare seems to have been the first to employ the word as an adjective, and to have given it the meaning of unearthly, though pertaining to the idea of the Fates :—

"The *wierd* sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land."
—Macbeth."Thane of Cawdor! by which title these *wierd* sisters saluted me."—Idem."When we sat by her flickering fire at night she was most *wierd*."
Charles Dickens: *Great Expectations*."No spot more fit than *wierd*, lawless Winchelsea, for a plot such as he had conceived."—*All the Year Round*, April 2, 1870."Jasper surveyed his companion as though he were getting imbued with a romantic interest in his *wierd* life."—Charles Dickens: *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*."She turned to make her way from the *wierd* spot as fast as her feeble limbs would let (permit) her."—*The Dream Numbers*, by T. A. Trollope, ii. 271.*Wimple*, to flow gently like a brook, to meander, to purl :—"Among the bonny winding banks,
Where Doon rins, *wimplin'*, clear."
—Burns: *Hallowe'en*.*Wraith*, an apparition in his own likeness that becomes visible to a person about to die, a water-spirit :—"He held him for some fleeting *wraith*,
And not a man of blood or breath."
—Sir Walter Scott."By this the storm grew loud apace,
The *water-wraith* was shrieking,
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking."
—Thomas Campbell.*Wyte*, to blame, reproach :—"Alas! that every man has reason
To *wyte* his countrymen wi' treason!"
—Burns: *Scotch Drink*.*Youthy*, having the false and affected appearance of youthfulness; applied to an old person of either sex who dresses in the style, or talks and otherwise behaves as if they are still young.

We are told that the feeling against England in Prussia is increasing, and we have no doubt it is. There is a capital story told on this subject on Tyneside just now. Two Prussians were talking together and taking a long look ahead, and in their conceit they thought they could "whip creation." One of them said they had polished off France, and they would do the same for England next. A "porter pokoman" standing by overheard the remark, and asked the man to repeat it. The Prussian, thinking the porter had not quite heard or understood what he said, did repeat the boast, but the next moment he was sprawling on the deck, and the porter, turning to his companion, asked, in tones about which there could be no mistake, "Are them sentiments your sentiments, sur?" The Prussian, with a glance at the prostrate form of his friend, meekly replied they were not, and the victorious Englishman went away congratulating himself upon upholding the honour of the nation, and upon an Englishman being able any day to polish off two Prussians.

Some time back Lieutenant Hoffmann, 12th company Royal Prussian Grenadier Regiment, being at the Crown Prince's, happened to speak of what went on at the outposts, what houses were in front, and of the people they saw, whereupon His Royal Highness, in a laughing way, observed, "I wish you would bring me a late Paris newspaper out of one of them." The young officer said nothing, but when next he was on duty he went out in advance of the sentries, and in the dusk he managed to enter a house within a few hundred yards of Valerien, which was occupied by an Englishman. The apparition of a Prussian officer, revolver in hand, was startling, and the demand for the last Paris paper equally astonishing in its way. "Needs must," &c. The paper was produced, and carried off with an addition, for the master of the house entreated the officer to receive some wine, in order that he might say to the French that the foray had been made for the sake of the drinkables. I tell the tale, says a correspondent, as it was told to me. It is an illustration of coolness, tact, and daring, and of a desire to serve his prince, on the part of the Prussian officer, which will, no doubt, be appreciated duly.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Monday, Dec. 26, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Tuesday,	Dec. 20	23°	20°	26°
Wednesday,	" 21	26°	26°	25°
Thursday,	" 22	14°	18°	15°
Friday,	" 23	12°	13°	10°
Saturday,	" 24	—1°	01°	—1°
Sunday,	" 25	—1°	0°	04°
Monday,	" 26	18°	23°	23°

		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Tuesday,	Dec. 20	27°	15°	21°
Wednesday,	" 21	28°	20°	24°
Thursday,	" 22	20°	10°	15°
Friday,	" 23	15°	04°	09° 5
Saturday,	" 24	—2°	02°	0°
Sunday,	" 25	—4°	09°	—2° 5
Monday,	" 26	23°	4°	13° 5

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Tuesday,	Dec. 20	29.45	29.48	29.66
Wednesday,	" 21	29.78	29.86	29.99
Thursday,	" 22	30.20	30.28	30.30
Friday,	" 23	30.22	30.20	30.15
Saturday,	" 24	30.12	30.18	30.36
Sunday,	" 25	30.58	30.45	30.45
Monday,	" 26	30.15	30.05	30.05



THE PROVINCIAL PENITENTIARY, KINGSTON.



ALBERT COLLEGE, BELLEVILLE.



THE SIEGE OF PARIS.—GERMAN OUTPOST BEFORE FORT NOGENT.



HOW THE UHLANS CATCH POULTRY.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
JANUARY 7, 1871.

SUNDAY, January 1.—*First Sunday after Christmas. Circumcision.* Bytown changed to Ottawa, 1855.
MONDAY, " 2.—Capture of Grenada, 1493. Gen. Wolfe born, 1727.
TUESDAY, " 3.—Gen. Monk died, 1670. Battle of Princeton, 1777. Josiah Wedgwood died, 1795.
WEDNESDAY, " 4.—Earthquake in Canada, 1663. Rachel died, 1858.
THURSDAY, " 5.—Treaty between Great Britain and the United States, 1784. Radetzky died, 1858.
FRIDAY, " 6.—*Epiphany.* Retreat of the English from Cabul, 1842.
SATURDAY, " 7.—Fenelon died, 1715. Allan Ramsay died, 1757. Battle of New Orleans, 1815.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1870.

ALREADY are the busy scribes at work saying their best or their worst of the dying year, which at twelve o'clock to-night will give place to the first of the eighth decade in the century. How the years roll on! It seems but a short, short period since on the first day of 1870 we had the pleasure, for the first time, of heartily wishing the readers of the *Canadian Illustrated News* a HAPPY NEW YEAR! And again on the last day of the same year we are right glad to renew the salutation in anticipation of the incoming of 1871. Let us hope that the year's acquaintance between us has ripened into friendship that will run throughout the years, so that "we" of the *C. I. News* may ever be welcome received and read by the intelligent and appreciative Canadian public, long after the individuals now bearing these editorial responsibilities have paid the debt which nature never fails to exact, and of which she so frequently enforces prompt and even premature payment against the journalist! The newspaper runs on through the years, cheating old Father Time out of half his game, for while He would consign the year with all its wonders to the dim shades of oblivion or the temporary resting place of fleeting memory, the press makes a record that may, and in some portions undoubtedly will, last until even Time shall be no more. Thus what we scarcely pause to read to-day, may become an object of great interest and value to the Macaulays and the Froudes of some future century, while the journalist who worked year in and year out till his little circle was completed, will himself enjoy that oblivion of which he had robbed so many other objects. His is a fight with time and against time; and there is little wonder that at the end of each year he pens his customary assault upon the enemy, telling not only what Time would otherwise carry away with the Old Year, but even foretelling what he wishes to bring in by way of surprise during the New. But the latter is dangerous work, as may well be conceived, when the startling character of so many of the events just past, or now passing, is taken into consideration. The very air is full of portents which even the boldest journalist will hardly dare to read, so let us avoid speculation on the future and cast a glance at some of the great events in the record of 1870.

In glancing over the record of the year one is struck with the number and the variety to be met with of extraordinary surprises, of results unanticipated, and of consequences from unseen or unappreciated causes. In this respect, if it cannot be said that 1870 has been a year of great wonders, it has indeed been one of astonishing and extraordinary events that will influence the current of the world's affairs till the end of time. A year ago we remarked that France had then been enjoying the delicious excitement of standing on the brink of revolution. Need it be said now that she has had since then an extraordinary recoil, followed by a still more terrible leap forward, that not only sent her over the brink, but left her mangled at the bottom of the precipice with the strong hand of an enemy upon her throat! The dallying of the Emperor with his new constitution, the restlessness of the Reds, and the fears of the reactionists, kept the course of events in France in the early part of the year in a critical condition, liable to change from the slightest incident. And incidents were not wanting. The violence of the Rochefort party in the Press kept the Government in continual trouble and anxiety; but the Ollivier ministry still maintained a show of administrative vigour, even after the shooting of Victor Noir by the unpopular Pierre Bonaparte, an event that caused much excitement, and for a time threatened the safety of the Empire, or, at least, a strong attempt at revolution in Paris. As time passed, the Emperor, to avert a crisis, resorted to the old expedient, the *plébiscite*, and on this, as on former

occasions, the popular vote was almost unanimously in his favour; the revolution seemingly killed and the Imperial dynasty firmly established. Perhaps few had less faith in these popular deductions than Napoleon himself. He may have known more correctly the value to put upon the vote, because he probably knew better than anybody else the agencies by which the result had been attained. Certain it is that the Empire was believed to have taken a fresh lease of power; but if so, what a short holding! Early in July the begging crown of Spain was offered, informally, to a modest German youth, of the Hohenzollern family. The sequel was startling; events followed with unexampled rapidity. On the plea of a Prussian insult to France, the whole French nation was clamouring for war, the venerable Thiers alone of all the Deputies protesting against the rashness of the Government; and, on the 18th of July, went forth the fatal message from Paris to Berlin. This of itself was a double surprise—the suddenness of the declaration being seemingly as reckless as the cause for it was unjustifiable. But then came the general reflection that France was prepared, and however the duel of the nations might end, France would surely have the early advantages, and "on to Berlin in a fortnight," which was probably then believed in by millions, has turned out for those who cried it a cruel and bitter mockery. The "two weeks" were spent by the French in unaccountable dawdling on the German frontier; and during these two weeks another surprise was revealed in the fact that the Prussians were thoroughly prepared and the French were not. The petty action at Saarbruck on the 2nd August, in which the French were victorious, was followed on the 6th by the, to them, disastrous battle of Woerth; and for almost every day after that battle up to the ever-memorable 2nd of September, a victory may be counted for the Prussians. The Emperor's surrender, and the capitulation of the army at Sedan on that day, should have ended the war but for the grasping ambition on the one side, and the reckless desperation on the other. The Sedan affair, in connection with the series of events which preceded and, apparently at least, led to it, is yet a mystery which the future must unravel. Did the Emperor plan the destruction of an army, since proved to have been utterly inefficient, and the allegiance of which he could only hold at too high a price? Did the Regency at Paris believe that, with the Emperor a prisoner, the war could be successfully carried on under faculties which the Emperor himself had created? Were there hopes then, as there are assertions now, that King William, whose ingrained hostility to Republicanism and firm belief in the

"Right divine of Kings to govern wrong"

are well-known, would restore the Emperor? But the Regency may be held guiltless of conspiracy otherwise than unintentionally and through the incapacity of the Palikao Cabinet, for in two days after the Emperor's surrender there was (Sept. 4th) a bloodless revolution in Paris, and Jules Favre and Gambetta came to the surface. The "Government of National Defence" has since continued to rule in France with surprising impotence; in fact, it reigns without ruling. Meantime, the war goes on, and though victory has not always on the battlefield been with the Prussians, the war for the conquest of France, which it virtually is, is making substantial progress, and the birth of the New Year will doubtless be welcomed by the horrid roar of the Krupp guns battering against the defences of Paris! But can Prussia stand the drain upon her resources necessary to accomplish the conquest of France? The coming year will surely answer this question, for at the present rate of waste in men and *matériel* the war must end from sheer exhaustion of the opposing forces.

Save in Italy, where the absorption of the States of the Church by the Florentine Government has followed as a consequence of the war and the disregard of treaty obligations, now so common among kings and governments; and in Germany, where the same (war) influence has created a closer union between the States, and led to the elevation of King William of Prussia to the title of EMPEROR OF GERMANY, there are few political changes in Europe to be chronicled during the year. A cloud, a good deal "bigger than a man's hand," lately arose on the Eastern question, the Russian Bear, thinking the death struggle between the Prussian Eagle and the Gallic Cock offered a fair opportunity to escape from the trammels imposed by the Treaty of 1856. But a Conference is promised, and, if the Cable news may be relied on, will meet next week in London, when it may confidently be hoped that diplomacy will effect such a settlement as will avert the necessity for another war in defence of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire and of the interests of the Western Powers in the East. Spain, after long and weary waiting, has at length found one willing to wear its crown in the person of a scion of the House of

Savoy, and affairs are progressing to secure his stable enthronement.

In Great Britain there have been few events of surpassing interest. The Irish Land bill received the sanction of Parliament. Some efforts have been made to improve the naval and military strength of the Empire; but upon the whole the Gladstone Cabinet appears to have been losing rather than gathering strength. There has been a fresh stimulus given to emigration as a means for checking the growth of pauperism, and there is every appearance that this country will enjoy more than formerly the benefits to be gained by receiving the outflow of the British industrial and agricultural classes. One pleasing incident became public but a few months ago—the consent of the Queen to the marriage of the Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne, heir to the Dukedom of Argyll, "a noble scion of an ancient line." This social event in the family circle of Royalty breaks down the barriers of a somewhat modern but, since its institution, rigidly followed precedent, confining the Princes of the Blood in their choice of marital companionship to members of other Kingly or Princely families, and may indicate that the Queen fears from the number of Sovereigns on the "retired list" that a British nobleman is a safer match for her daughter than a foreign Prince. In this judgment the nation heartily joins, and the nuptials to be celebrated in February next, will no doubt be attended with regal splendour and rejoicings.

Our own Dominion has had a calm and peaceful year, with abounding prosperity and visible progress everywhere. The slight interruption to the even tenor of our way between the 24th and 31st May, caused by the Fenian raid, and the incidents connected with it, only served to show that our peace was really on a firm foundation, and proved the gallantry of our volunteers and the patriotism of our people. The North-West trouble which we had on our hands at the beginning of the year has been peacefully settled, though the military expedition of last summer proved again the courage and devotion of the Canadian volunteers. Trade is rapidly increasing between the different Provinces; new railways and other public works have been actively prosecuted, and private industry has vied with public spirit in the onward march of progress. The country has been happily free from political strife and internal turmoil, and Canada has, during 1870, been truly blessed among the nations. May the past be an earnest of an equally prosperous future!

LITERARY NOTICE.

"LAND AND WATER."—Mr. Warren, the Editorial Correspondent of this able weekly journal for the United States, has been in the city during the week, and, we understand, has made arrangements for giving more particular attention to Canadian affairs in its columns. "Land and Water" is a very ably conducted and popular Weekly, containing much general information respecting wild and tame animals, pisciculture, the poultry yard, the paddock, &c., the subjects being discussed by men of eminence.

THE WAR NEWS.

Several engagements have taken place within the past few days between the French and Prussian armies, but, as usual, it is difficult to determine with which side the advantage lay, as both claim the victory. The position of the different armies at present is as nearly as possible as follows. In the south the army of the Loire has been cut in two and now forms two distinct armies, numbering some 100,000 men each, and commanded the one by Gen. Chansy, and the other by Bourbaki. De Paladines has undertaken the task of raising new levies. The circle of operations in this quarter has been confined to the district lying between Le Mans, Vendôme and Blois, which have been occupied by the armies under Prince Frederick Charles and the Duke of Mecklenburg. The fighting has been extremely irregular, consisting mainly of a series of skirmishes, in which Chansy's army has been gradually forced westwards. The Prussians have not yet occupied Tours, but are pushing forward fast in that direction. In the North Gen. Faitherbe, who was marching upon Paris, was confronted by Manteuffel, who had left Rouen for that purpose, near Amiens, and after a sharp fight was defeated and compelled to retreat. A Prussian army is massing around Mezières, and it is expected that the place will shortly be besieged. In the south-east the Prussians gained a victory at Nuits.

There has been no fighting around Paris since the 1st., but it appears that Trochu is making preparations for a vigorous sortie. It is reported that Ducrot left the city by balloon, in order to take the command of one of the armies operating outside the Prussian line. It is still said that the bombardment will be commenced shortly, but rumour has it that the Germans are in no position to attack and that their only chance of success is to starve the Parisians into submission, thought the outpost defences at avron were subjected to a heavy fire from the Prussian guns, and this has been accepted as the beginning of the bombardment of the French Capital.

CHESS.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 6.

White.

1. Kt checks.
2. P. to Q. 3rd.
3. One of the Pawns mates.

Black.

- P. takes Kt. (forced.)
- Any move.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

WHAT HAPPENED AT BEAUVOIR
ON
CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

CHAPTER III.

A FEW days after the death of Vevette, M. de Leoville went off on a visit to an old friend who lived on the St. Lawrence, not far from Montreal. The leaves of the maples were now beginning to assume their deep scarlet tints and wrap the old Manor in a glow of autumnal glory. Marguerite, at this time, looked somewhat pale and anxious, and M. de Leoville proposed to take her with him, under the impression that she required a change of scene and air, but he forgot that only a week or two had elapsed since Charles de Grandville had left for the West Indies, whither the regiment had been ordered.

M. de Leoville had been gone, perhaps, a week, when Marguerite had a strange dream—at least so she considered it, according to a passage in her Diary, which I shall translate somewhat freely, as an introduction to a series of unaccountable incidents which disturbed the inmates of Beauvoir for some time.

"I had such a very strange dream last night—so real did it seem that even now, whilst writing with the soft sunlight coming through the foliage of the plants on the window-ledge, and playing fantastic tricks on this page, I feel all in a tremble. I was a little feverish, I know, when I went to bed last night, and my aunt, ever kind, ever considerate, wanted to coddle me with some nasty doses which she considers specifics for colds; but I resisted with success—at least I got a respite by promising that I would take the medicine to-day, if I did not feel better after a night's rest. Tossing for a while in my bed, I fell at last asleep, a little past midnight, for I heard the big clock down stairs strike the hour whilst I was dozing off. I woke once, and then I am sure fell asleep again; for I dreamt that I saw my grandfather, dressed just as he is in his portrait, in a richly embroidered court dress, with rapier by his side, standing close to the screen in the *salon*. His hat was closely bent over his face, and he vanished behind the screen in an instant—faded away as it were in the air. So faithful was the dream, that I could even see in the moonlight the figures on the screen, which is placed before the door leading to the passage to the old tower which no one now ever enters. How startled I was to find the door between my room and the *salon* opened this morning. I must have neglected to lock it last night, and it of course flew open—an old trick of that troublesome door. I walked into the *salon*, as soon as I was dressed, and wondered how accurately I had seen everything in my dream—sometimes I think I must have been half asleep, in a sort of dreamy wakefulness, and looked into the *salon* unconsciously; but then I could only see the screen, and not the portrait, which is hung in a recess hidden by the open door of my room. My grandfather looked down on me, with that peculiar smile which the painter has given him, and I scolded him well for having given me such a fright. I wonder if the dream is intended as a warning—I must ask old Marie Nicolet what it means—I wish very much that my dear father were here, for I am afraid sometimes that his health is rapidly failing him. Of course, my aunt, to whom I told my dream, said that I ought to have taken her advice last night, and that means, I must have the medicine this evening; but if I do, sure am I that I will have a far worse dream before the morning."

However, despite the expectations of our fair heroine, she was not troubled by a recurrence of the vision that night—whether it was owing to the fact that she locked the door, or because she did not really take her aunt's medicine, she naively confessed she could not tell. But two nights later her aunt and herself were startled out of their sleep—their rooms were opposite to each other—by a succession of screams, and Marie and Josephite, the maid servants who slept in an upper flight, literally threw themselves into the former's room.

"The Virgin protect us," said little Marie, a pretty French girl, when she had recovered sufficiently to speak coherently, "but I have had a fearful fright. You must know, Mdlle., that both Josephite and we did not go to bed as early as usual, as we were getting ready for Marie Nicolet, who comes to-morrow to clean up Master's rooms; but hardly had we got upstairs, when we heard a noise as if some one was tumbling over something in the lower hall."

"There's that troublesome dog," said Josephite, "we never locked him up in the room off the kitchen; unless we get him down stairs he will be howling and making a noise at Mademoiselle Marguerite's room."

"So Josephite said she would wait at the head of the stairs whilst I drove him down; but when I got into the hall, and saw nothing of him, I thought he must have gone into the drawing-room, the door of which was open. I called gently to Josephite to come down—for I did not wish to disturb you or Mdlle., and then went into the drawing-room, but just as

I got inside, what a fearful sight I saw. *Mon Dieu*, I saw standing in the room—his head almost reaching to the ceiling—the ghost of M. de Leoville, just as he looks in the large picture—with his sword above his head; and as he moved it towards me, I screamed, and fell into Josephite's arms."

"And it's true what Marie says," added Josephite; "she must have seen something terrible, for she nearly fainted—I had to drag her upstairs with me."

"But you saw nothing yourself, Josephite," asked Mdlle. Letellier, much perplexed.

"Oh, no," replied Josephite, "I was a little way behind with the light."

"Whatever it was," said Marie, "it seemed to fade away in an instant; I shut my eyes for I could not bear to look at it."

"Foolish girls," said Mdlle. Letellier, "you have been talking about *les gobelins* to-night, and must have seen some shadow on the wall, or the moonlight playing with the picture of the Seigneur, and with all kinds of horrible stories which old Marie has told you, in your head, you have been ready to imagine anything. Go to bed now, and instead of talking silly nonsense, go to sleep."

Marie, however, persisted in her story, and both she and Josephite denied that they had been talking about ghosts with Marie Nicolet, for some time; but Mdlle. Letellier was perfectly well aware that the latter, who was a Norman, was very superstitious, and constantly filling the ears of the girls with nonsense. She was, however, a little puzzled when she remembered that the servants had described just what Marguerite had dreamed. Marguerite declared that she had told her version to nobody but her aunt, and began to doubt whether it was a dream after all. Taking everything into account, both the ladies were very much perplexed, though they could not believe in the supernatural interpretation.

Of course, this incident made a great talk in the house all the next day, and the two girls told it with not a few additions—even Josephite worked herself at last into the belief that she had seen the apparition as well as little Marie. In the course of the day, old Marie Nicolet did not help to allay their fears by her narration of old legends and stories current in Normandy—the land of superstitious fancy and legendary lore—how *les gobelins* guarded treasures of gold, diamonds, pearls, and other precious stones, which mortals had sometimes seen but had never been able to touch, because the secret by which the keeper was to be won over, had been lost for ever. She told them, too, how an uncle of her mother had seen one Christmas Eve in the forest of Dreux, *l'homme blanc*, who towered above the tallest trees around him, but before he could reach the cave where the treasure had been concealed for ages, he heard the bells ring a merry peal, and knew that the hour of the mid-night mass was over, and that *l'homme blanc* had returned again to watch over the piles of gold which were only left unguarded for a brief spell at the hallowed season of the year.

Both the girls shuddered when they heard these stories, and little Marie whispered hardly above her breath, as if afraid some spirit was hovering about them.

"They say the old Seigneur buried a lot of treasure before he died."

"It may be so," replied the old woman, with a cunning shake of the head. "We know that it has been often said that the ghosts of those who had died suddenly, with some great secret on their minds, wake up from their graves, from time to time, and walk uneasily about the scene of their former life. If I were M. de Leoville, I would have many masses said for the peace of his father's soul."

Nothing now would satisfy the two girls except the presence every night of Eustache, the old woman's son—a stout, good looking young man, with a somewhat cunning eye—Mdlle. Letellier could not refuse the permission—in fact, she had herself thought more than once of having Eustache about the chateau, all the time of the Seigneur's absence. She seized the opportunity, however, of warning old Marie against stuffing the ears of the two girls with her wild stories; but Marie was a true Norman and rather pitied the ignorance of Mdlle. in such matters.

For several days after this incident nothing occurred to disturb the inmates of the chateau, although Marie, who slept with Josephite in a little room above the *salon*, declared that she had heard strange noises, more than once, apparently from the direction of the tower. When Eustache was appealed to, he replied that he had certainly heard the branches of the maples tossing against the windows when the wind was high at night, an explanation which turned the laugh against poor little Marie, whose silly head was so crammed with ghost stories that she could hardly sleep quietly, and would never approach the tower and the adjoining rooms, except she was accompanied by some one less timid than herself.

But when Eustache himself confessed that he had seen strange lights glimmering from a window of the tower, and heard footsteps within its deserted precincts, the fears of the servants began even to affect Mademoiselle and her niece, and both looked anxiously for the return of the Seigneur. The ruined tower, always an object of awe to the timorous

habitants, was now invested with real terrors. For years no one had ventured within its ruined walls—no joyful birds ever darted through the gaping windows and enlivened its dreary solitude with their thrills of melody. Once, a swallow had built its nest within the rusty, grimy bell, but the fastening had given way before its little ones were fully fledged, and the brazen monitor, so long disused, had fallen to the floor beneath, where it lay with the *débris* of the ruined walls and roof. The tower was indeed a place about which weirdlike fancy would love to linger. When the storm swept around it at night, the rafters, worm-eaten and festooned with dusty cobwebs, would give forth a dismal creak and rattle, and the wind would shriek so wildly, that the superstitious *habitant* would pass hurriedly by and tell his friends when he reached his home that of a certainty the ghosts of the reckless guests of the gala days of Beauvoir were assembling that night in wild mocking of the festivities that might come no more.

No one, however, again heard or saw the ghost, the apparition of the old lord of the Manor. Perhaps, as old Marie said, his season of wandering was over, and he had again sought the repose of the grave. M. de Leoville was now expected home, and Eustache asked permission to go to Quebec, as he wished to see a man who had offered him steady employment as soon as his master had returned, but he promised to try and get back before the family had retired to rest. Ten o'clock came, but no signs of Eustache, and the inmates went to bed at their usual time. The girls were much disappointed at his failure to keep his promise, but they had the consolation of knowing that M. de Leoville would be home on the following day, and that they could then dispense with Eustache's presence in the chateau.

Eustache was not seen or heard of on the next day when M. de Leoville returned in better health and spirits than he had enjoyed for months. He only laughed at the affright of the family in his absence, and said that it was nothing more than was to be expected of a lot of women left by themselves. No news, however, came from Eustache, and little Marie was quite positive that he had been spirited away by *les gobelins*, and began seriously to think of leaving a house where they had clearly possession. Old Marie appeared to know nothing about her son, and was very much worried after a while. M. de Leoville, however, believed that he had got tired of his dull life with his old mother, and had gone off suddenly to see something of the world, and that there was little doubt that he would turn up as soon as anybody really wanted him. At first, Marie Nicolet shook her head knowingly when her acquaintances sympathized with her for being left all alone in the little cottage, and replied that she knew Eustache would come or send for her before long; but when nearly three months had gone, and she heard nothing from her son, she became very morose and irritable, and at last shut herself up continually at home, and would not see Estelle or others who pitied and wished to console the poor, forlorn creature.

All the while Charles de Grandville was with his regiment in the West Indies, exposed to all the risks that men, nurtured in the north, must run beneath the sun of the tropics. The life of the inmates was, perhaps, more monotonous than ever, for they saw very little society, and even Estelle was indisposed to accept the invitations which she frequently received from many kind friends.

Marguerite's chief pleasure now was derived from the letters of Charles de Grandville, who was becoming more hopeful of receiving his promotion. Faithfully did she perform her duties to her father, who did not feel quite as strong when the cold weather came on—never repining because she had so few opportunities for enjoying the amusements of girls of her own age and station. So faithful a daughter would make a faithful wife, and Charles de Grandville would indeed be a happy man, his friends acknowledged, when he could stand with her at the altar; but that time still seemed very distant. They would write to each other courageously, but there is little doubt that de Grandville's heart was sometimes very weary of waiting. We know what Marguerite's feelings were at this time, for we have her diary before us, to hold up a mirror to her maiden heart. The father and lover were ever present in her thoughts, and it would be very difficult to say which of them she loved the best; but I must remember my resolution of not violating the secrets of that confiding and sincere girl.

CHAPTER IV.

READER, at some time or other in your life, you must have been awakened suddenly from sleep by the cry of "Fire," and heard the bells peal with hurried stroke, and the engines hurrying to the scene in mad emulation of each other. But you who dwell in the large town, with all the contrivances that money can furnish for combating the dreadful element, cannot imagine the terror with which the same cry is heard in a lonely country house within the recesses of the forest. If you have ever been so situated, then you can understand the horror with which the inmates

of Beauvoir heard the cry of "Fire" on the Christmas Eve immediately following the departure of Charles de Grandville—you see I fall unconsciously into Estelle's habit of dating everything, and connecting everything with the young officer.

It was a lovely winter night, the moon was lighting up the pure white snow which lay on the sward before the house, or hung lightly upon the horizontal branches of the firs that clad the bank which sloped gently from the ruined tower to the brink of the river, now firmly held by icy fetters.

The smoke was filling the upper rooms, and the fire could be heard crackling fiercely amid the dry timbers below, while the inmates hurried on with a few clothes and gathered, almost panic-stricken, under the protecting branches of the maples in front of the Manor. Mademoiselle and her niece at that moment, as they stood in the frosty air, thought little of themselves or of the destruction of the home that had so long sheltered them and their family before them, but much more of the probable effects of the exposure upon M. de Leoville, who could hardly be persuaded to wrap himself in a large buffalo robe, which one of the women brought from an outhouse by the order of his sister. Feeble as he was he wished to assist those who were endeavouring to save something from the flames, and would more than once have endangered his life had it not been for the expostulations of the ladies of his family.

Beauvoir was doomed by the time assistance arrived from the neighbouring village. So inflammable were the old cedar timbers throughout this aged mansion, that the fire took very little time to complete its work. As it spread with furious impetuosity a trivial incident occurred, of significance, however, to some of the more superstitious spectators who were assembled beneath the maples, unable to do much more than watch the progress of the flames.

An effort had been made to save a few pieces of furniture, but the flames had got such control of the building before assistance came that little could be done in this way. Some pictures, among other things, had been brought down from the drawing-room, which was one of the last rooms to catch fire, but before the venturesome *habitants* could finish the work they were forced to desist, and leave the burning Manor. Among the articles they left behind them in their hurry to escape the fierce heat and the flames, was the portrait of the former Seigneur, which was laid against the window, with its face to the spectators. In the brilliant glare of the surrounding flames, the old man's perpetual smile came out with rare fidelity, and more than one superstitious spectator averred that his eyes sparkled, and his lips parted as if in mockery of the misfortunes of his ruined family. Little Marie, who was in the midst of the throng below, afterwards declared, when she told the story of this memorable night, that she had seen *les gobelins* dancing amid the flames, and disappearing ever and anon up the wide-throated chimneys with wild shrieks. But she was not the only person who related the story of the burning of Beauvoir with many embellishments, derived from mere imagination, for some of the *habitants*, in after days, were wont to tell how the old bell in the tower was tolled, as the fire progressed, by some invisible hand, and this was certainly true to the extent that when the fire had loosened the walls, so that a portion of them gave way, the bell itself fell with a single, prolonged peal, which sounded, indeed, dismal in the ears of the startled spectators.

The fire soon caught the old canvass of the Seigneur's portrait, and curling it up an instant, sent it away into the air with a volume of smoke and flame. For a while, then, when the fire had completed its work of destruction in the *salon*, it sent long forks of flame through the passage connecting the main building with the tower, but they could do little harm in that old ruin, and soon left it for want of fuel to appease their insatiate appetite, but not until they had effectively weakened a portion of the wall, which fell with a terrific crash, carrying away a side of the passage with it.

Christmas was one of those lovely bright days which are characteristic of a Canadian winter. The air was calm and still, the frost lay heavy on the window panes, and the snow had a glassy, crisp look, indicative of the severity of the cold. The church bells of Quebec gave forth a merry peal, which was carried through the clear air to the neighbouring villages, where every little chapel took up the strain and rang a peal in joyful welcoming of the Christmas morn.

M. de Leoville and the members of his family had found shelter in the house of a respectable *habitant* close by, and, happily, the former did not suffer anything except a little fatigue from the exposure of the night before. It was, indeed, a sad Christmas day for them all when they assembled in the principal room of the *habitant*, whose family were most devoted in their attentions to M. de Leoville and the ladies.

"Perhaps," he said to the good old priest who came over to see them in the course of the day, "the old chateau may not have had any great value in the eyes of richer men, but



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FIRST MEETING OF THE PRESBY



2 3 4 5 10 6 7 9 8 21 15 20 19 18 17
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LUTHERAN SYNOD IN MONTREAL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY INGLIS. 10

it sheltered me and mine for many years, and was one of the last memorials of the past career of my family in this country. Many a time, when I was better off than I am now, I thought of improving it, but I could not bring myself to pull down a single portion of its old walls. In the nature of things, I cannot have many more years to live, for my health is failing fast, but I had hoped to spend the winter of my life within the old building which has been endeared to me by so many pleasant and tender reminiscences."

The priest gave him what consolation his kind heart suggested at the moment, and soon took his leave; and shortly afterwards M. de Leoville walked down with the *habitant* to see the ruins of Beauvoir. Whilst standing in mournful contemplation of the ruined walls, he was startled by an acclamation of horror from the *habitant* who had accompanied him and had gone inside to look at the havoc which the fire had made in two or three hours.

The *habitant* had, indeed, cause for his consternation—looking upwards he saw what might well make him and stronger men start back in fear, and that was the skeleton of a man lying across a large chest in the passage leading to the tower, just where the wall had fallen inside.

The chest was soon opened with the aid of tools, for it was strongly bound by iron bands, and inside it Mr. Leoville found a large number of rouleaux of gold coin, together with several pieces of silver plate, which had evidently been made by Canadian silversmiths; but the most valuable contents were bracelets and rings, and other jewellery, set with diamonds and pearls, after the fashion of the previous century. The old Seigneur had at last paid his debt to his descendants, and the de Leovilles were rich once more.

But the mass of half-charred bones which lay in the chest—how came it there? Was it the revelation of some terrible secret, long concealed from the eyes of man? Had some dark deed, committed in the gay reckless days of Beauvoir, been thus strangely brought to light on that Christmas Day, which had opened so sadly for the Leovilles and seemingly filled their cup of sadness to overflowing?

When old Marie Nicolet heard of the discovery, she was horror-struck, and fell into a succession of fits from which she never recovered; but before she died she confessed enough to show that she and her son had concocted a plot against the Seigneur to whom they owed so much. Both of them had long suspected that Vevette knew the secret of the hiding-place of the Seigneur's treasure, the existence of which had become almost mythical. By carefully questioning the poor woman, and listening to everything she said in her rational moments—for Vevette always had a habit of speaking audibly to herself on such occasions—they were able at last to gather that the treasure was hid somewhere in the old tower, or in the passage leading to it. Afraid, then, that Vevette might reveal the secret to the Seigneur or some members of his family, they kept her carefully concealed from the eyes of all visitors, pretending that she was too excitable and ill to see strangers. More than once she called piteously for M. de Leoville, but old Marie made some excuse, and soon the poor creature became too ill to speak at all, and died even sooner than they had expected. Then the question came, how to get hold of the treasure, or rather, how to make the investigation necessary to enable them to see whether Vevette had really given them a clue, and had not been merely wandering in her mind. Eustache knew every part of the Manor, and was always able to get an entrance unknown to the inmates; and when the Seigneur, so opportunely for them, went off to another part of the country, the sly fellow set systematically to work to carry out his project. With the cunningness of her fertile Norman brain, old Marie devised the plan of dressing up Eustache like the portrait of the elder M. de Leoville in the drawing-room; and in carrying out this scheme she had no difficulty, for her frequent visits to Beauvoir enabled her to get possession of a Court dress, which was put away in an old wardrobe, which was, perhaps, hardly opened once a year. How well this plan (which was intended to frighten the servants in case they surprised Eustache) succeeded for a while, we have already seen from what has been previously related. It was not long before Eustache discovered the secret door in the passage leading to the vault, as well as the spring which enabled him to open it; but when he got inside, he could not move the chest, or break it open. So, the next day, he went off to Quebec to procure the necessary tools; but thenceforth his mother, as we have already seen, heard no more of him. She supposed, at first, that he had got the money and taken it at once to Quebec, but when several days passed and no tidings came from him, she was tortured by many horrible fears. One moment she would think that he had been murdered in some vile haunt in Quebec; the next instant her superstitious fancy would suggest if there was not really some truth in those legends of the goblins, which were so rife in old Normandy, and if it were not possible that they had worked some fearful mischief to her son. But the latter thought, she confessed,

only arose in her mind at the last when she had become almost frantic with grief, the cause of which she dared not reveal to the Seigneur or any of her friends.

This was all that could be gathered from Marie's confession, but looking closely at the construction of the vault it was easy enough to see how Eustache had come to his death. One side of the passage was only cedar, but the opposite was iron, painted so as to resemble wood, and concealed the large vault which the Seigneur must have built, just before the siege, for the express purpose of secreting the treasure which he had accumulated. The door was of immense thickness and opened by touching springs, at the top and bottom, made so as to resemble the heads of large nails or spikes, the counterpart of which were on the opposite wall. Then when Eustache entered the vault, for the last time, as he no doubt hoped, he must have closed the door without sufficient care, and it probably closed tight upon him, and resisted all his efforts to open it with his tools, which were found alongside the chest. He could not have remained long alive, but he was probably suffocated to death in that close, impenetrable vault, where his cries for help could never have been heard by the inmates of the house.

In this strange way were the fortunes of the de Leovilles restored; and the very next letter Marguerite received from Charles de Grandville announced the good news that he had got his commission sooner than he had hoped. Some months later, he was able to visit Canada, and was married to Marguerite, who did not come to him after all a portionless bride.

The old château was never rebuilt after its original design, but I daresay the curious reader, if he should happen to visit that part of the country, will have little difficulty in finding its site, in the shape of a large mound, grass-grown and covered with wild rose and raspberry bushes. In the course of years, after the death of the Seigneur, Captain de Grandville, who had sold out of the army, built a more modern mansion with a portion of the old stone belonging to the old château. The name of de Leoville, I believe, is not extinct in Canada, but the de Grandvilles still occupy influential positions in the Province, and more than one of my readers may have partaken of their hospitality at Beauvoir, for thus they have always called their picturesque country-seat among the maples and beeches.

THE END.

It is the sacred duty of every man who has those he loves dependent upon him to make provision for them in case of his decease. We care not whether that man may possess a specified income or whether he is one engaged in mercantile pursuits, and believes himself in this world's goods rich enough beyond a doubt. No one can prognosticate to a certainty the success or non-success of speculation, and though one day he may be rolling in wealth and the envy of all, how often have we seen such a one tumble from his pinnacle of affluence and leave by a sudden death a family dependent on the charity of the world. A little judgment, a little more foresight, less carelessness and less selfishness might have left them in comparative comfort. And we deliberately state that those members of society who have people depending upon them for comfort and happiness are criminally guilty if they fail to provide for a future. When a young man first enters the matrimonial state, how little self-abnegation it would require to secure for the partner he had invited to join him in life's career a comfortable hereafter, and not only her but his children too,—what self-satisfaction there would be to him all times, when he could say, whatever happens to me, thank God, they will be secure against want.

The dispensing with a few customary luxuries, the determination to be economical instead of loosely extravagant, would provide the means. Cannot our readers each and all in their own experience call to mind some friend or other who, by their neglect to insure their lives, have entailed sorrow, misery and want on their surviving relatives. We venture to say there is hardly one, for our part we can call a dozen such to mind. We, therefore, ask our readers to consider well the subject of Life Assurance. A new year is about to dawn, it will have commenced its career by the time this has reached our reader. Fathers, if you love your wives and children secure them while you may against all contingencies for the hereafter; remember how sadly you will feel when it is too late, if you thoughtlessly neglect such a provision for them. What an evidence of your love to bring home to your family a policy liberal according to your judgment and means. All classes should remember this—Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians and Clerks especially, but none should neglect it one hour.

The question now arises if you are about to assure, what Company is the best and the safest, and this is indeed a momentous question, and one of paramount importance for your consideration. For our part figures seem to us a good criterion of the stability of a Company and long experience with a continued increase in business, accompanied with

a large accumulated fund, seem to us a good guide in regulating our judgment.

The Life Association of Scotland is unexceptionable; it was founded in 1838 for Life Assurance and Annuities, and has twice received the approval and sanction of the authorities,—in 1841, when Incorporated by Royal Charter; and in 1853, when further empowered by a Special Act of Parliament.

To show the progress of the Institution, the New Assurances effected from

1838 to 1842, were 258 for £ 131,824 stg.

1863 to 1867, were 7,191 for 3,163,684 “

Total Assurances in Force in 1870 were £7,425,181.

The Accumulated Fund in 1870 was 1,357,386 Pounds Sterling.

The Association thus possesses, in its extensive business, an element of *Safety* and *Permanence* not contained in smaller Institutions. But our readers should write for the Prospectus of the Company. It is only necessary to state that they have deposited \$150,000 with the Canadian Government.

The Officers in Montreal are as follows:

Directors.

DAVID TORRANCE, Esq., (D. Torrance & Co.)

GEORGE MOFFATT, Esq., (Gillespie, Moffatt & Co)

HON. ALEXANDER MORRIS, Esq., M. P., Minister

Inland Revenue.

Sir G. E. CARTIER, Bart., Minister of Militia.

PETER REDPATH, Esq., (J. Redpath & Son.)

J. H. R. MOLSON, Esq., (J. H. R. Molson & Bros.)

Solicitors,—Messrs. RITCHIE, MORRIS & ROSE.

Medical Officer, R. PALMER HOWARD, Esq., M.D.

Secretary,—P. WARDLAW.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE FIRST NEED.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY CHARLES LODGE.

“How provoking,” said mother, “and when I thought we had everything ready too.”

It was a queer little house. One great brick-floored room, which served for parlour, kitchen, and all, like the chamber of the apocryphal cobbler. There was a little cooking stove near one side, and the big stove pipe cast ogglesome shadows over the ceiling and walls in the light of the glass oil lamp that the children always thought was just going to explode, and which never did, though it was a fearsome sight to see mother pouring in the paraffin after one had been told what terrible accidents might occur if but one little, little drop were to get into the flame. And then there was father's big, wooden armchair, that Paradise of comfort and luxury, close up in the corner, by the cupboard where the cups and saucers, and pepper and currants, and the delightful, white sugar “lumps of delight,” and the pungent mustard that would burn one's mouth, but which was such a vision of joy to get with one's meat on high days and holidays, quite in a grown-up manner. And there were the four little stools, and the high chair into which it had been so ignominious to be pinned, as though one were a fraudulent debtor or something, long, long ago, when one was a mere child, five years, at least, back. And baby's cradle, close by the stove, where baby was getting comfortably warm, before being conveyed like a package up stairs into the bed-room—not the bed-room where Polly and her two little brothers and one little sister slept, but the palatial apartment where father and mother and baby passed the dark night, while the cold wind whistled and sang strange, awful melodies without any tune in them outside, and rushed at the little house with its broad drifts of snow, as though it would have buried it or overwhelmed it, but never could, and so departed, growling.

It was rather hard, for mother had scoured up all the pots and pans and dishes till they were as bright and radiant as the enormous-looking glass, full ten inches by six, at which it was such a pleasure to see mother arrange her beautiful, long, black hair in the morning, as coquettishly as though she had not been the parent of five children, but had still worlds of admirers to conquer and enslave, as she used to have—she said no—twelve years ago, when father was only one among the number, a tall, shy boy, who shaved off his whiskers because mother had said she liked smooth faces.

Yes, there they were, all of them, shining in the light of the fire, red and glowing, all ranged out upon the white kitchen table.

“Not a scrap of bread in the house,” said mother, rather angrily, “and not a bit of money; and father gone off on that late job, and won't be back till all the shops are shut. Polly, child, you must take father's second best waistcoat, and the flat iron, and go and pawn them at Cohen's, and get the bread as you come home, and a pot of marmalade, and if you do it well, you shall have five cents for yourself.”

Five cents is a great deal of money, certainly. Immense quantities of apples, and whole pounds of sweeties you can buy for that splendid sum at Mr. Groscher's, round the

corner. But then it is a long way from the little house to the pawnbroker's and when it snows and blows on New Year's eve it is not always pleasant walking, and one does slip about so dreadfully without rubbers.

Besides, when one is nearly eleven years old, and pretty at that, and a little *belle* in the street, and quite enough of a woman to be trusted—yes, again and again—with the entire charge of two little brothers and one small sister, not to mention a heavy baby, really it is not dignified to have to go out trudging three quarters of a mile on a December night with a flat iron and father's second best waistcoat to the pawnbroker's.

It was very pretty to watch the flaky snow blowing and drifting in all directions, and whitening all the passers-by, as they went quickly along with their heads bent, and their chins sunk deep down in their fur collars and mufflers, and it was nicer still to come into the broad blaze of the holiday shops with all sorts of charming things, such as Polly had hardly dreamed of, all exposed behind the huge panes of glass under the glare of the waving gas lights. And it was not unpleasant at first to stand in front of them and think, oh! if one had a hundred million thousand dollars, one could buy all these things, and have them for one's very own; and, perhaps, even live in a shop oneself with great windows in front to look at all the people as they passed in the cold and snow and wind. Polly was of an aristocratic turn of mind, and inclined to be somewhat discontented with the big kitchen and the little draughty bedroom, and father's rough trousers, and even with the playground in the street, and the little wooden sled that father had made out of the top of the water butt.

And as she walked on a way which soon became a dreary one, she began to reflect that a flat-iron is but an uncomfortable thing to carry at best, and very heavy; and that her little shawl was very thin and scanty; and that even when she had done her errand and bought the bread and the marmalade, she would have the long cold walk back again to the little house, where the window was broken and the fire would be sure to be gone out, and it must be owned that Polly felt not at all satisfied with the state of life into which it had pleased God to call her, and that in the light of the brilliant shops and with the polished and brightly coloured sleighs with their warm robes flashing and sparkling as they dashed rapidly along, their runners cutting sharply through the frozen snow and their bells ringing cheerfully tinkle, tinkle, in the clear air, she formed a very depreciating idea of the little home where mother was waiting, with her old stiff gown, and her hands soft and unnaturally red and white with washing-up. The picture seemed almost squalid. Polly felt very much inclined to cry. She was but a little bit of a girl, woman as she thought herself. She stopped for consolation in front of a chemist's shop, and lost herself in admiration of the gorgeous, transcendently glorious bottles, of all the most beautiful colours of the rainbow, casting their splendid illumination in broadening tunnels of light out upon the white heaps of piled-up snow at the side of the roadway, and over the darker footpath. There was one huge bottle of an exquisite green, with an amber stopper, which particularly attracted the child. In its wonderful depths she could lose herself as in the abysses of a bottomless ocean. As she gazed into its unfathomable recesses, visions arose before her of what might have been; how she might have been born the heiress of a fairy godmother, at the touch of whose wand all the riches of the world would rise at command. A beautiful, beautiful lady, Polly imagined, like the lovely golden-haired girl with the smiling face who had just shot by like a flash of lightning in one of the bright painted sleighs. And whenever Polly wished for anything the beautiful lady had it brought to her immediately, whatever it was. Apples, nuts, dolls with flaxen wigs, horses with a squeaking stand, and dogs that would draw about on wheels—no, horses that could be drawn, and dogs that barked artificially—and picture books, and sweetmeats, and pop-guns, battle-dores, and warm counterpanes, and new dresses, and big looking-glasses with gold frames, and hair oil, and ribbons of all colours, and pickles for dinner every day—oh! and pudding, and perhaps a fire in one's bed-room! It was too much; Polly forgot her cold and her mission and the heavy flat-iron, and lost herself completely. And she thought with a kind of half pleasure, half nameless pain, that none but well-dressed, handsome, nice-mannered people, like the young lady in the shop where all those quantities of hair hung up like scalps, and the elegant gentleman in the tailor's store, would be in the land of happiness.

So it went on, the visions multiplying and becoming more dazzling momentarily; the child was mentally intoxicated.

“Look at that pretty little girl,” said a gentleman to a lady who hung on his arm, as they passed, “how enraptured she seems with the pretty colours,” but Polly did not hear.

And just at that moment there was a sharp, ringing “crack!” and an icicle fell.

As Polly lay on the snow, she heard the people say as they crowded about her, “Poor little thing, she's dead!”

And she heard the voice of the lady who had just passed on the gentleman's arm—(she knew the voice though her eyes were shut and she had never heard it before)—“oh! poor pretty child, how very sad,” and as a gentle arm tenderly raised her up she felt hot tears dropping on her face.

But she was not dead, though the people said so. She was in fairy land, and all was warm and sunshiny about her, and the birds were singing and the green trees were waiving, and a soft perfume, such as she did not know, came floating upon the light air. And as she stood on a green bank, on the sparkling flowers, with her little old shawl across her arm, the lady of the vision came floating towards her, not walking, not flying, but moving gracefully through the air, a foot or two from the ground. And she was like the vision, only incomparably more lovely. She had a smile upon her mouth, though her eyes were grave, and she came close to little Polly.

“Well, my child,” she said, in a low musical voice, “what dost thou wish for?”

And Polly spoke up quite boldly in her shrill childish tones, and said how she had desired dresses and toys and nice things to eat, and looking-glasses, and all sorts of things, and a fairy godmother, and to be rich and happy.

“Rich I can make thee,” said the Fairy, “happiness is not mine to give.”

But it must have been,—for in five minutes Polly saw, arranged in the most elegant manner, far more beautifully than in the shops, everything that she had ever dreamed of. And with a little cry of delight she hurriedly, with trembling fingers, slipped off her old clothes, and dressed herself in the prettiest of lace things, and frocks and ribbons, and the daintiest little shoes and silk stockings, (Polly was rather proud of her feet and ankles.) And rings, and chains, and oh! such an exquisite little gold watch with pictures at the back, and everything you can think of that is pretty. Only it must be allowed that, as Polly's taste had been formed upon rather heterogeneous models, her costume when completed was rather too smart to be as ladylike as she believed it to be.

However, when she ran to the enormous looking glass, as big as the kitchen table, she was quite satisfied with her personal appearance.

And then she scampered away to show her finery to the kind fairy, but she could not find her. So she set to work to play with her toys,—all sorts of toys. Not only dogs and cats that would bark and mew, but birds that sung, and musical boxes that played every tune she had ever heard, and more too, and concertinas that she could play herself, and games of solitaire, and nine-pins, and horses to drag about.

Only after a little while it became monotonous to play all alone, and she would have liked some game other than solitaire.

So she took to the sweetmeats of which there were packages in the most beautiful paper with gold edges and pictures on them,—brandy-balls, and carraways, and acidulated drops, and liqueur-drops, and peppermint lozenges, and in fact a whole confectioner's shop full of candies, besides cakes and tarts and other delightful things.

But even eating there all alone became stupid after half an hour or so, and on the whole Polly did not feel quite as happy as she ought to have done, under the circumstances.

So she hunted about after the good Fairy, and not finding her, began to get frightened at the loneliness, and at last began to cry as bitterly as ever she had done from the cold in the little room at home. It was so lonely.

Presently the fairy came gliding towards her from the distance as before, and Polly got up and ran towards her with a face full of smiles.

“Oh, dear Godmother,” she cried, “I'm so glad you have come. Look at me now, aren't they pretty,” pointing to her dress and ornaments.

But the fairy looked at her with a cold surprised smile.

“My child,” she said, “I don't know anything about that. Everything is beautiful here.”

Polly thought it rather unkind of her not so sympathise more, but she was silent.

“Will you come and play with me, Godmother, it is stupid playing alone. Come and play ball” (pleadingly.)

“We do not play. We have no children among us. We are always the same.”

Polly thought to tempt her.

“Will you have some sweeties, Godmother?” she said, shyly.

The fairy smiled, still in the same surprised manner.

Polly was daunted, the salt tears began to trickle down her cheeks again. She clung to the fairy's robe.

“Oh, I'm afraid you hate me,” she cried, “oh, do love me, godmother,” and she put up her face to be kissed, but the fairy still preserved her stately, cold attitude, and her sweet, but grave smile.

“Child,” she said, “we know nothing of these things here, we neither love nor hate; we have no passions like the mortals.”

Then the little girl threw herself down, and cried as though her heart would burst.

“Oh dear, dear, dear me,” she wept, I would give them all,—all these hateful things, if I could only have some one to play with me, and some one to love me. Oh! mother, father, little brother and sister; baby, where are you? where are you?”

Here, my dearest, “said a well-known voice, and a well-known face shaded with long dark hair was bending low over the pillow, and the little draughty room was there, and Polly lay in her own little bed, and she cried in a rather weak little voice; “oh, mother, I don't care for any of them, and I don't want toys or sweeties or anything unless you and father are there to love me, and Tommy and Harry, and little Jenny and baby to enjoy them with me.”

And what is Heaven itself without love!

Those unruly beggars that now occupy Greece and make the plains of Marathon a refuge for cut-throat brigands, once possessed an amount of poetical elegance that elevated them above all their sister nations. Their divinities were of the most delicious character. Barnum's happy family was nothing to the heaven of divinities they kept in their celestial cage. But Mr. Brigham Young Jupiter was always raising trouble by his *penchant* for Venus, Minerva, Pomona, &c., &c., so that finally the Goddess of Fruit, Mlle. Pomona, was turned out of the harem. Jupiter loved her as the apple of his eye, and she bore its fruits. One of our distinguished forefathers, Mr. Adam, also brought himself into trouble through the fruit business. That apple affair has caused a world of misery since. Why, when he had a whole fruit garden at his disposal, he could not leave the said apple tree alone, is inexplicable; but then we know stolen kisses are sweetest, and so it will ever be. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in treating of this affair, says:

“When Eve had led her lord away,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Agreed with one another.”

To keep a watch over this sinful world!

“The flowers would watch from morn till eve,
The stars from eve till morning.”

And we should certainly advise them to keep a watch over Conner & Canning's Fruit Emporium in St. James Street. For there are apples that would tempt Pomona to leave her heaven in order to taste them; there are grapes whose luxuriousness would so enrich the palate that even the divine Nilsson would warble sweeter after one short repast; there are oranges, nature's globes of gold filled with a nectar of deliciousness that would have intoxicated the senses of an Antony with more effect than the love draughts of Cleopatra. This new Emporium is a desideratum in Montreal,—its encaustic tiled floor, its marble counters, and its alcoved windows are loaded with tropical and native fruits which have never found a resting place in this city before. To lounge on a crimson *fauteuil*, to close your eyes, to quietly, slowly, sleepily and orientally permit one of the pears to melt its glories down your throat, is a joy forever. Then the grapes,—grapes that recall the banks of the Rhine,—grapes that recall the memory of my lord Bacchus,—grapes that cool while they sensuously please, here they are, redolent in purple and amber hue, and here are all those delicacies that once delighted the *habitués* of the *Café de Paris* upon the *Boulevard des Italiens*. To those who desire the choicest of all Fruits by all means inspect the display so novel to this city. Soon it is their intention to have a conservatory of fresh flowers and exotic bouquets for the purpose of adorning our Drawing and Dining-Rooms, and for gifts to the terrestrial angels that inhabit this portion of the continent.

CONNER & CANNING,
ST. JAMES STREET,
Opposite Ottawa Hotel.

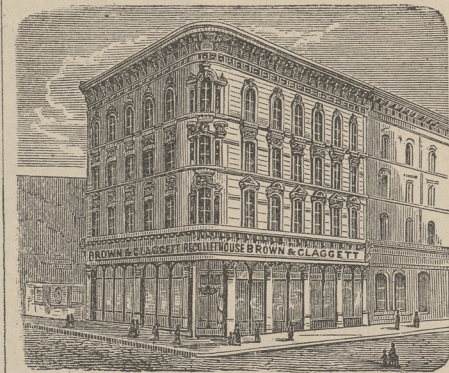
Of course our readers, especially the fairer portion, are fond of confections when they are composed of the finest and purest materials. For our part we own to a weakness for the delicacies that cousin one against the other on the counters of these Ice Cream Saloons, these *Cafés*, these *Confectioneries*. Ice Cream is supremely delicious when flavoured with Vanilla, it is regally purple when tinged and commingled with the Strawberry, it is golden and orientalized when hued and in partnership with the Lemon and the Orange. We do not mean your cheap utilitarian Ice Cream, a composition of milk, corn starch, flower and chalk, but the Cream, the “*Crème de la crème*” of Alexander's. Dance with a fairy at a ball or party, whirl about in the exhilaration of this terpsichorean amusement, and then when you are warm, heated and exhausted, and your host has supplied his table with all the luxuries from Alexander's, then you will find what pure Ice Cream is, then you will feel how deliciously its melting glories seem to course through every artery of your system. Then the Charlotte Russe, the world of varied confections that load the table, will tempt you by their novelty, their variety, and their excellence. There is only one Maison Dorée, only one Malliard, only one Alexander. Oh, wives who love your husbands, see that your tables are prepared by Alexander, see that your guests

are convinced that the air of refinement pervades your husbands' establishments. Go to Alexander's, examine the unique ornaments in sugar, the splendid cornucopias of sweets, the flowery *bon-bons*, the Parisian velvet covered, gold decorated boxes. Go there, see, examine, taste, buy, and when you would make a Dinner or a Party a success, remember

CHARLES ALEXANDER & SON,
CONFECTIONERS.
LUNCH AND ICE CREAM SALOONS,
389 and 391, Notre Dame Street.

The worthy host of St. Lawrence Hall treated the guests to a bottle of sparkling Champagne and still Sherry on Christmas Day. It was merely a mark of his usual liberality. We think, however, it was mistaken generosity. Better have given a bottle of Carratraca or Campbell's Ginger Ale.

Mr. Fred. Gerriken, of St. James Hotel, is about introducing the European system; we have no doubt it will prove a success.



The Recollet House is lavish in display for New Year's. The windows look like a Dutch tulip garden, crimson and blue, white and emerald, silks and satins, a wilderness of beauty; a prairie garden of delight for feminine contemplation. Lyons, now in the throes of a death agony for existence, has sent her last contributions, and those dear little coquettes in Paris that so exquisitely stitch the delicate kid together, have sent their last offering. Oh, memory of trying on gloves in the *rues* of Paris; soft fingers that used to smooth the wrinkles out of the kid, and eyes that used to glisten with satisfaction at the successful results,—alas, they have given way to hands of iron and the glare of vengeance. But the delicate kid glove is here, unmatched gloves, gloves as soft as the downy rose-hued peach, gloves that make a man everlastingly happy when they cover the dear little hand that rests confidently on his arm; gloves that tempt you by their touch; tempt you by their varied colour; tempt you unreservedly, seductively, and completely into becoming their possessor. Alas! Brown & Claggett, you have many sins to answer for, not least of which is, you attract our wives, sisters, and daughters to your establishment, our pockets suffer and we sigh as we halt at the corner of Notre Dame and St. Helen Streets.

PUNCTUATION POINTS.

Do you know the origin of the various punctuation points used by printers and writers? Greek literature was not punctuated until B. C. 365, and there was no space between the words.

The Romans at a later day put a kind of division between their words, thus—Publius Scipio Africanus. For some time after the invention of the art of printing arbitrary marks were used to divide sentences. Up to the end of the fifteenth century only the period, colon, and comma had been introduced. The latter came into use latest, and was only a perpendicular line, proportionate to the length of the preceding letter. The colon is first found in the “Acts of English Worthies,” published in 1550, and the semi-colon in “Hackluyt's Voyages,” which appeared in 1599. The parenthesis was introduced during the sixteenth century. The marks of interrogation and admiration were introduced many years after.

To Aldus Manvitus, an eminent printer of the seventeenth century, we are indebted for the present form of the comma. He also laid down rules for its use.

Inverted commas (") were first used by Mons. Allemon, a French printer, and were intended by him to supersede the use of italic letters, and it is said the French printers now call them by that name. Some English printers have used italic to denote quoted matter. It is so done in a work entitled “The Art of English Poetry,” printed in London in 1808.

It is not known by whom the dash and apostrophe were invented.

Italic letters were invented by a Roman, who set up a printing office in Venice, in 1596. Venetian was its first name; but not long after, it was dedicated to Italy, to prevent any dispute that might arise from other nations claiming a priority.

VARIETIES.

Those who blow the coals of other's strife may chance to have the sparks fly in their faces.

“Adversity,” says a Western preacher, “takes us up short and sets up down hard, and when it's done with us we feel as contented as a boy that has been spanked and set away to cool.”

It is going the round of the papers that Wilkes Booth, who assassinated President Lincoln, deposited three thousand dollars in a Bank at Montreal preceding his death, and it is yet unclaimed. It is supposed the money will go to the crown.

M. Gambetta is declared on most critical and competent authority to be one of the first orators in the world. His choice of language is singularly felicitous, and he speaks perfect French. He is of Genoese origin. The name Gambetta signifies in Italian “little leg.”

Invention and folly sometimes travel in company. An Albany undertaker has initiated a coffin which “folds down” and exposes the body at full length, making it appear as if reclining on a sofa. It is designed to save people of weak nerves the shocking sight of a coffin that looks like a coffin.

A sailor, calling upon a Liverpool goldsmith, asked him what might be the value of an ingot of gold as big as his arm. The shopkeeper beckoned him into a back room, and primed him with grog. He then asked to see the ingot. “Oh,” said Jack, “I hav'n't got it yet, but I'm going to the diggings, and should like to know the value of such a lump before I start.”

In England a season ticket holder on a railroad found the advertised train not going to start, in consequence of the fireman having neglected to keep up steam, and ordered a special train, at a cost of about forty pounds, and then brought an action for the recovery of the money and ten pounds additional for his own loss of two hours' time. The judge expressed himself “astonished” that the company had resisted such a claim, and the jury gave the plaintiff a verdict for all he asked.

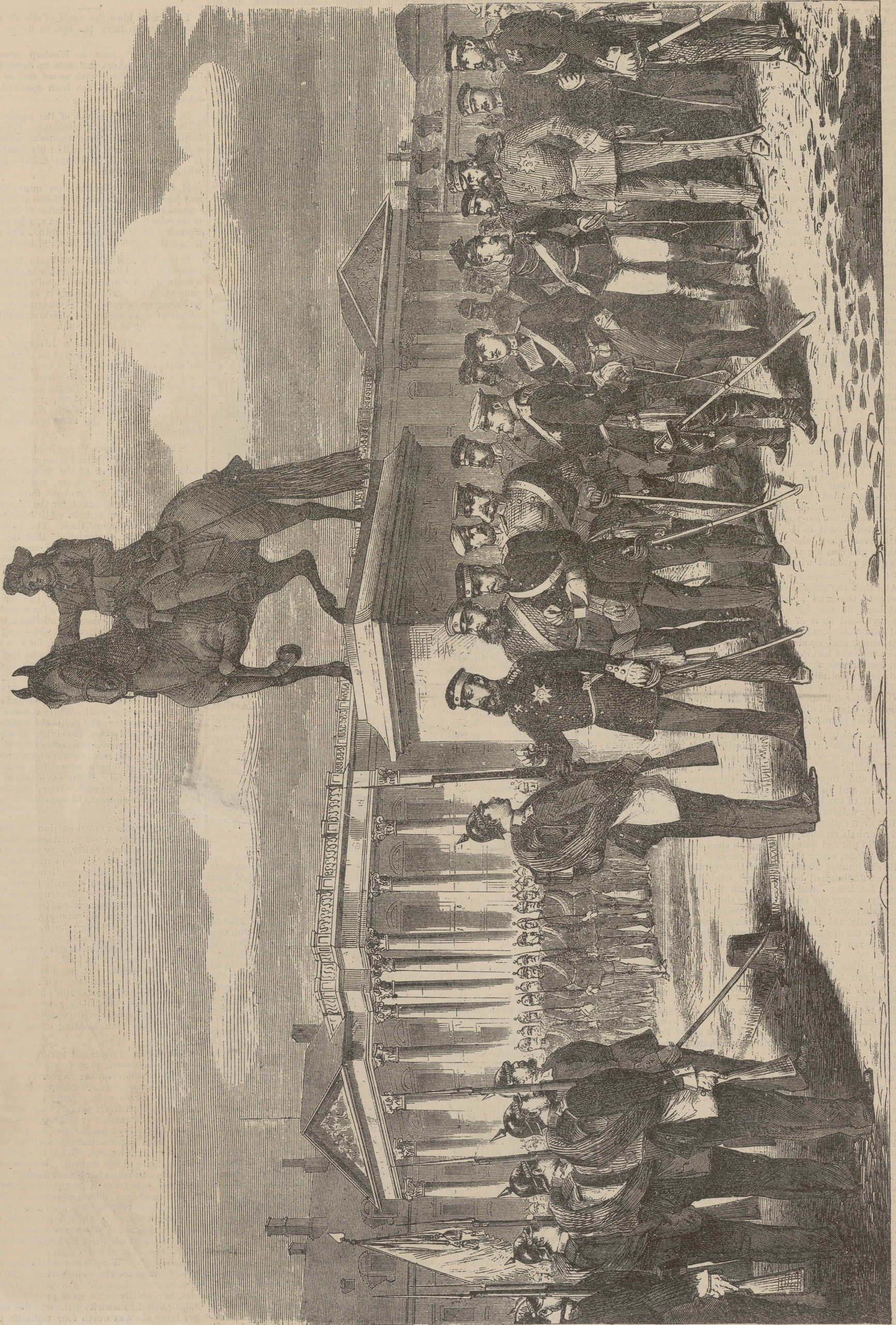
A London exquisite having become agriculturally ambitious, went into the country in search of a farm, and finding one for sale, began to bargain for it. The seller mentioned, as one of the farm's recommendations, that it had a very cold spring on it. “Ah—aw!” said the fop, “I won't take it, then, for I've heard that a cold spring ruined the crops last year, and I don't want a place with such a drawback upon it.”

A young woman entered a fashionable drug store a day or two ago and asked for a disguised dose of castor oil. While she was waiting for the medicine the polite clerk asked her if she liked soda water. Receiving an affirmative answer, he gave her a glass of the refreshing beverage, and went to work on a prescription. Tired at length of waiting, she asked for her castor oil. “You have taken it in your soda water,” he said. “Why,” she replied in blank astonishment, “I wanted it for a sick man.”

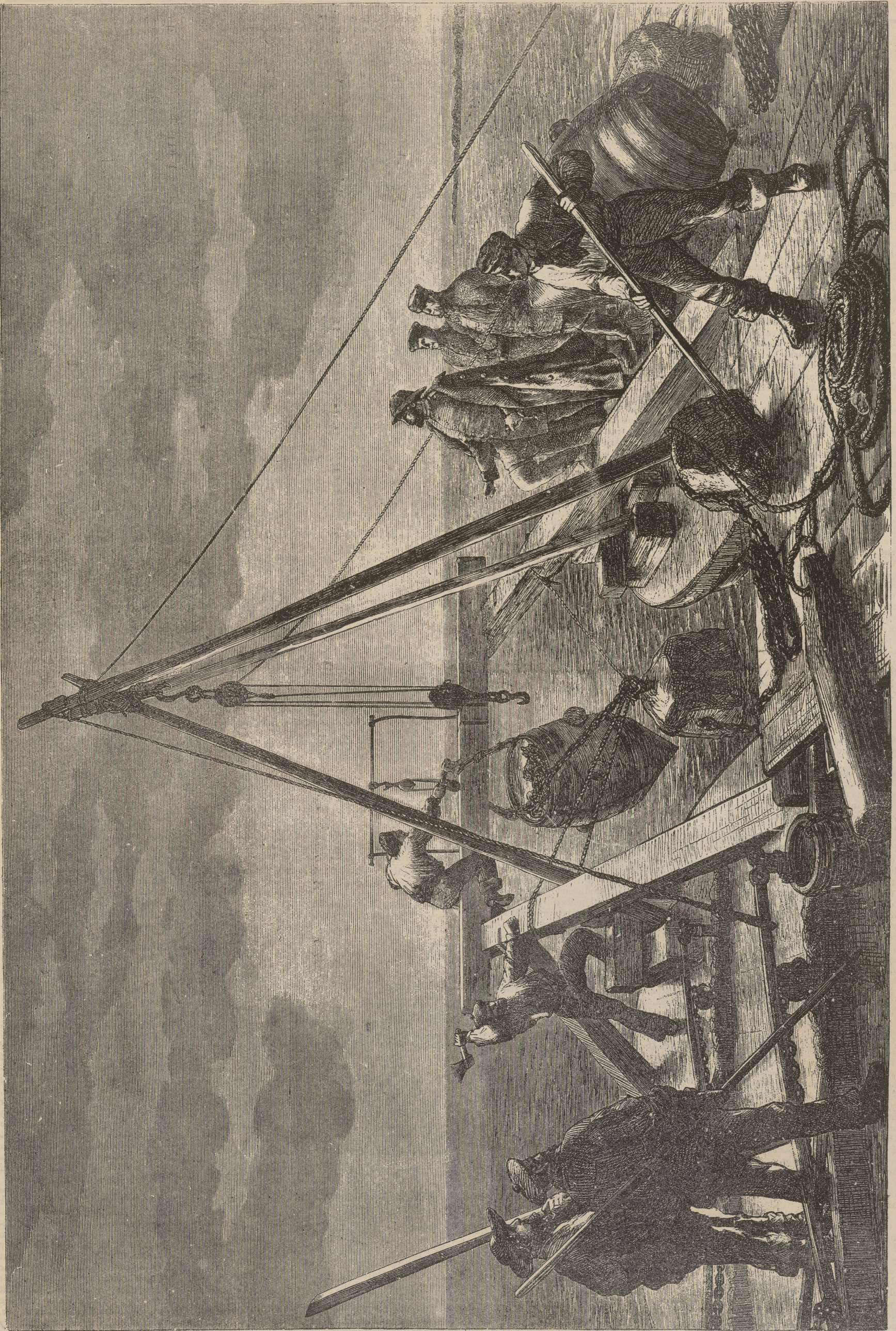
Jim Smith was a noted auctioneer. One day he was selling farm stock. Among the articles he sold was an heifer, very attractive in her appearance, and consequently Jim dwelt extensively on her many excellencies, winding up with the eloquent flourish that she was “gentle as a dove.” Thereupon, a long, slab-sided countryman, whose legs were some inches longer than his trousers, approached the heifer, and stooping down, commenced handling her teats. Bossy, not relishing such familiarity, lifted her hoofs and laid “Greeny” sprawling some ten feet off. “There,” said Jim, “that shows one of her best traits; she'll never allow a strange calf to come near her.” “Greeny,” meanwhile, picking himself up, and giving his bushy pate a harrowing scratch, exclaimed: “No wonder, when her own calf has been bleating around her all day.”

The *Nineteenth Century*, a periodical published in Charlestown, thus treats the question whether woman can keep a secret:

“Men say women can't keep a secret. It's just the reverse—women can, men can't. Women carry with them secrets that would kill any man. Woman never tells; man always does. Woman suffers and dies, man blabs and lives. Man cannot keep a secret; woman cannot make it known. What is sport to the man is death to the woman. Whoever heard a woman talk about her lover's fiasco? Everybody has heard a man gossip. Man delights in telling of his conquests, woman would cut her tongue out first. Men are coarse in their club-room talk; woman refined in their parlor conversation. Who ever heard of a woman telling of her lover? who has not listened to the dissipation of men? Men boast, women don't. Women never tell tales out of school; men are always babbling. So, down with another adage. Women can keep a secret, and her ability to do so is proved by a St. John (New Brunswick) girl, who did not tell her lover she was worth four millions in her own right until her marriage.”



THE PRINCE ROYAL OF PRUSSIA DISTRIBUTING THE IRON CROSS, AT VERSAILLES.



PLACING A TORPEDO, OFF PILLAU.

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HILDA; OR, THE MERCHANT'S SECRET.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

Author of the "Abbey of Rathmore," "Passion and Principle," "The Secret of Stanley Hall," "The Cross of Pride," &c.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

That evening Stephen did not come to tea and when seven o'clock struck and he did not make his appearance, Blanche understood that he had no intention of accompanying her to the Crystal Palace. But she was determined not to be deprived of the expected pleasure. Such a collection of flowers as would be exhibited at this Floral Show was not to be seen every day even in Montreal, where so many different sources of amusement exist. So she persuaded Mrs. Osburne to accompany her, urging that if she did not she would be deprived of so much pleasure. Mark Berkeley was waiting near the entrance of the Crystal Palace.

As they were among the first arrivals they had no difficulty in procuring a good seat when they had made the round of the building and seen all that was to be seen. Mrs. Osburne quite enjoyed the scene, which was a novel one to her, for her life for years had been very retired. She seldom went anywhere but to church. The rare plants and beautiful flowers exhibited in such profusion, the variety in the shades of green displayed by the brilliant gas-light, the gayly-dressed crowds filling the large building, the delightful music of the military bands, made all seem to her a scene ever to be remembered. She did not now wonder at the eagerness of Blanche to go to the exhibition. Her only regret was that Stephen's sullen humour had made him forego such enjoyment.

About ten o'clock the crowd began to thin and it was at this time that Mrs. Osburne's attention was attracted towards a fashionably-dressed party moving towards the entrance near which she was seated.

There were three ladies, one elderly, the others young and beautiful; but it was not these who fixed Mrs. Osburne's eye. It was the gentleman who accompanied them, a fine looking elderly man, the face still handsome though the hair and whiskers were almost grey.

"Who is that gentleman?" she asked eagerly of Mark, who she perceived was also watching the group.

"That is the Governor," he replied.

"The Governor of Canada, do you mean?" she asked in the same eager accents.

Mark broke into a laugh at the mistake.

"No, my Governor," he said, trying to restrain his merriment.

"His father, Mr. Berkeley he means," remarked Blanche, smiling. "You do not understand slang, aunt, but what is the matter?" she added, wondering. "You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

Mrs. Osburne made no reply, the party had passed on and she sank back in her seat pale and agitated. "It cannot be!" she murmured, "and yet! good Heavens, what a likeness! The face older, the hair grey but yet the expression of the eye so like! And that is Mr. Berkeley! What strange resemblance people do often bear to one another!"

CHAPTER XXXIV,

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

The twelve p.m. train is due at Lachine and the "Grecian" is impatiently waiting its arrival at the railway wharf. In the distance clouds of black vapour announce its approach. Soon the shriek of the engine is heard, and the train is seen rushing onward with quickened velocity; a few minutes afterwards and it comes thundering up to the station. For the next ten minutes all is bustle as the passengers for the "Grecian" with their luggage are transferred from the cars to her deck, and now the shrill whistle of the steamer penetrates the ear, startling those unaccustomed to the unearthly sound and the "Grecian" puts off from the wharf on her passage across Lake St. Louis.

It is the end of July and the travelling season on the St. Lawrence is at its height. A great many passengers are therefore on board, several of whom are Americans, as may be seen by their different style of dress and the delicate beauty of the young ladies as well as the faded appearance of their mammæ—prematurely old at forty. There were also some of the wealthy citizens of Montreal forsaking their homes during the hot season and going to spend it in some charming locality in the more temperate climate of western Canada.

Among these was a group in whom the reader may easily recognize Mrs. Berkeley,

her daughter Thérèse, Miss Tremayne and Lieutenant Berkeley. They were on their way to Niagara, intending afterwards to visit the upper lakes whose scenery is so justly celebrated. Mrs. Berkeley's nerves had, she said, received such a shock on the elopement of her daughter-in-law, that change of scene was absolutely necessary or her health must suffer. Besides every body had gone out of town and she must follow the example of her fashionable acquaintances. For the last three or four summers she had visited Cacouna and Rimouski for the benefit of the sea air, but this year, as change of scene was what she most required, she would travel in Western Canada. As the escort of a gentleman was required to look after the tickets and luggage, Mark had been pressed into the service of the ladies, an arrangement which would necessarily for a few weeks interrupt his frequent meetings and charming tête à têtes with Blanche Osburne. But there was no help for it, the ladies could not travel without a gentleman and there was no one else to attend them. Mr. Berkeley would not leave the country-house and Grant had gone off on a wild goose chase after his wife and that rascal Castonell. So Mark informed Blanche when he went to bid her adieu the evening before they left Montreal.

This was Thérèse Berkeley's first trip up the St. Lawrence and its magnificent scenery had the charm of novelty for her. The foaming rapids surging and dashing their white-crested wavelets over the hidden obstructing rocks seemed very formidable and she declared nothing would induce her to descend them when they were returning to Montreal. She would take the train at Prescott and avoid such a dangerous passage. It really was awful to think of risking one's life among such an angry boiling mass of waters! Why could not people go through the canals on their downwards as well as upward trip? It surely was the safest route.

"But not the quickest, simpleton!" observed Mark. "And speed is the first thing to be considered! If you are so timid you ought to have stayed at home. It is not among the rapids alone there is danger in travelling! Only think if a squall were to come up when we are on Lake Ontario, which is a miniature ocean, what would you do! You would lose your senses with terror, I suppose."

"Perhaps I would be as brave as yourself, Mark," retorted Thérèse, sarcastically. "Don't imagine yourself a hero because you wear the Queen's uniform, every heart that beats under a scarlet or a dark-green coat is not a brave one."

Mark, who always had the worst of it in these contests with Thérèse, walked away indignant.

About noon the next day the "Grecian" entered the Lake of the Thousand Islands, and the scenery of this part of the majestic river Thérèse declared was the most charming. The water flowed on so calmly, the wide expanse sprinkled over with wooded islands of every shape and size, with here and there the white turret-like lighthouse placed on some bare rocky islet looking so picturesque.

This trip up the St. Lawrence awakened many sorrowful reminiscences in the mind of Hilda Tremayne. Three years before—a short period to look back on—she had travelled the same route accompanied by her mother. Then she, like Thérèse, had enjoyed the scenery new to her and so beautiful! What changes had that brief period produced! What a storm-cloud of sorrow had passed over her since that time! Then it must be confessed she was not quite happy, her marriage with Dudley prevented that, but she had the comfort of her mother's presence. Now that beloved mother was gone and she was alone in the world to bear her secret sorrow unsustained by human sympathy. When they were approaching Kingston these bitter memories became yet more painful. Hilda and the other passengers were on deck as the "Grecian" steamed into the beautiful bay with its romantic shores—its entrance being defended by Martello towers. While others were admiring the city with its public buildings looking so well from the harbour—the picturesque shore of Barriefield opposite, with Fort Henry crowning a green slope descending to the waters—she was lost in painful thought, the agony of her bereavement seemed to come back suddenly with the sight of Kingston and unable to restrain her tears she hastily retreated to her state-room there to indulge them unobserved. A little while afterwards Thérèse knocked at the door exclaiming,

"Come Hilda! the 'Grecian' stops here two hours, and Mark says we shall have time 'to do Kingston' before we leave for Toronto!"

"I would prefer remaining on board, Thérèse. You know I have seen Kingston before and after Montreal you will find nothing to admire in the city. It looks best from the water!"

The bell of St. Mary's Cathedral was ringing the hour of six when the "Grecian" was getting up her steam preparatory to leaving for Toronto, and the passengers who had gone on shore were seen hurrying to the wharf summoned by the prolonged whistle of the steamer. Hilda was still in her state room when Thérèse hastily entered.

"Oh, I am tired to death!" she exclaimed throwing herself down on a chair heated and quite out of breath. "Mark hurried me along saying we would be left behind and after all we are in time enough for the steamer is still at the wharf taking in freight."

"But we must leave soon for the whistle has twice sounded and it is past the usual time for starting."

"Oh! Hilda, what a fool you were to remain here moping by yourself instead of going on shore, like the rest of the passengers."

"I do not think I missed anything by doing so."

"Oh! but you did! The band of the Canadian Rifles was playing in the Park and the fashionable world of Kingston was congregated there strolling about—I was going to say under the shade of the trees, but there are no trees of any growth yet. Mark and I had a good laugh, criticising everything and every body."

"Then you do not think much of the beauty or fashion of Kingston, Thérèse? but there is no place like Montreal in your opinion."

"Certainly not Kingston!" said Thérèse laughing. "Mark declares there were several beautiful girls," but I do not agree with him; and then they were so plainly dressed! Really some of their costumes must have been worn in the year one!"

"But many of the ladies in Kingston do dress very fashionably, Thérèse."

"They have not the latest fashions, I assure you, Hilda," persisted Thérèse. "Altogether they are wanting in style. They do not look like us Montrealeers," she added with a look of haughty superiority.

"And you think yourself a judge in such matters, quite a connoisseur in dress! There was a gleam of mockery in Hilda's eyes.

"Yes, I do!" replied Thérèse decidedly. "The milliners say my taste is perfect, that I have a critical eye. You know I study the fashions and dress according to the latest Parisian mode."

"Yes," remarked Hilda gravely, "you are one of those shallow-minded girls who worship Fashion and are willing to adopt whatever style of dress she may impose, no matter how absurd or unbecoming it may be."

"Really you are complimentary!" said Thérèse, a little piqued. "Now I have a mind to punish you for that flattering speech by not telling you whom I saw in the Park."

"You saw no person there in whom I feel interested," said Hilda rather doubtfully, for the thought of Sir Gervase Montague suddenly presented itself to her imagination.

"There you are mistaken!" said Thérèse, with an arch glitter in her fine eyes. "I saw a gentleman in whom you do feel no small interest. Can you not guess who it was?"

"Sir Gervase Montague, probably! but I thought he was in Quebec." There was a tremor in Hilda's voice and a sudden colour in her face which did not escape Thérèse's observation.

"Yes, it was Sir Gervase, looking much altered, I assure you, Hilda. Why did you refuse him?" asked Thérèse eagerly, "I know you like him! you needn't deny that!"

"Did he know?—did he inquire?" and Hilda hesitated. She did not wish her cousin to know how great the interest was which she did feel in Sir Gervase Montague.

"Yes, he did enquire very particularly about you and heard you were at the wharf on board the 'Grecian.' A look of disappointment clouded Hilda's face. He knew she was so near, and did not try to see her.

Thérèse understood the changed expression.

"We only met the Baronet as we were leaving the Park," she said and as he knew the "Grecian" was about to leave for Toronto he did not come on board, but he said he would see us soon again. He is on his way to Niagara and only stopped at Kingston to visit a friend of his, an officer in the Artillery stationed there at present."

This was startling news to Hilda. She would then soon see him again, who in spite of all her efforts to forget still possessed an inextinguishable interest in her heart. What a sudden joy thrilled her at the very thought.

The motion of the steamer now gave warning that they were putting off from the wharf and Thérèse and her cousin hurried on deck to see the scenery as they steamed out of the harbour.

The evening was beautiful, the waters of the blue Ontario in their deepest calm were mirroring the cerulean tints and white fleecy clouds above. An hour afterwards and sunset gave its gorgeous splendors to the scene, edging the magnificent masses of pearly clouds in the west with crimson and golden hues, flinging a flood of dazzling light across the broad waters and glittering on the foaming wake which the steamer left behind as it sped proudly onward.

The next morning the "Grecian" reached Toronto, but the Berkeleys did not go into the city, intending to stop there some days on their return. They crossed the Lake to Niagara, and proceeded by the afternoon train to the Falls.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Two days after the arrival of the Berkeleys at the Clifton House, Sir Gervase Montague reached the Falls, and Mrs. Berkeley, desirous of having such a fashionable escort, asked him to join her party, which invitation he gladly accepted. With him, therefore, Hilda explored the various places of interest in the vicinity of this world-renowned work of Nature. With him she stood on the deck of the *Maid of the Mist*, as it nobly stemmed the white, curling, foaming waters, and viewed, with feelings of awe and delight, the mighty cataract, looking so dense, so resistless, so overwhelming in its sublimity! Accompanied by the Baronet and Thérèse, she visited Goat Island—crossing the frail bridge so near the brow of the cataract—and passed hours on its picturesque heights watching the Horse Shoe Fall descend in one mighty column, sending up, from the foaming abyss below, its clouds of rainbow-tinted mist.

This was a time of intense enjoyment to Hilda. The presence of Sir Gervase was in itself happiness such as she had not felt since their separation; and how did his presence enhance the pleasure she experienced visiting scenes of such sublimity and beauty as the Falls of Niagara present! Still no impassioned words were uttered by Sir Gervase in the ears of Hilda. The mournful fact which her letter had communicated almost two years before, seemed ever present with him, he never forgot that a gulf divided them. Yet Hilda knew that she was passionately loved. Words were not necessary to reveal that. Love has a language of his own, which, though often silent, is easily understood. During the quiet hours of the night, thoughts troubled Hilda which, in the happy excitement of the day, were readily dismissed. Was this renewed intimacy with Sir Gervase right? was this delightful companionship calculated to enable her to conquer her attachment to one so fascinating? was the line of conduct she was now pursuing exactly in accordance with her previous resolution of remembering her duty to the absent Dudley? Yet how could it now be avoided? Mrs. Berkeley had asked the Baronet to join their party while they were travelling. During their trip this intimacy could not be avoided. After they returned to Montreal it must cease. Sir Gervase would, of course, join his regiment in Quebec, and they might never meet again, as he would probably before long return to England. Thus the reproaches of the silent monitor were hushed, and Hilda gave herself up to the intense enjoyment of her present happiness.

One month has passed, and the Berkeleys have reached Toronto on their return to Montreal, having visited every scene of interest on the Canada shores of the chain of lakes separating that country from the United States.

It was the evening of their arrival, and Mark Berkeley, having heard that a Stereoptical Exhibition was to be seen at the St. Lawrence Hall, proposed they should go, as the papers praised it extravagantly. It was late when Mrs. Berkeley's party arrived; the Hall was very much crowded, and all the reserved seats occupied. This was very annoying to Thérèse, and she proposed returning to the hotel; she would have foregone the pleasure of seeing the exhibition rather than be mixed up with people whom nobody knew. But this was overruled by Sir Gervase Montague remarking that they would be able to see the pictures to greater advantage by not sitting too near, pointing out some ladies and officers who had probably for this reason seated themselves among the vulgar throng, as the supercilious Thérèse called the respectable people around her.

While they were waiting for the exhibition to begin Hilda, who was not much in the habit of going to such public scenes, cast her eyes around the Hall thoughtfully, observing the mass of strange faces, each one differing from the other, but all wearing an expression of pleased anticipation and enjoyment. But soon her attention was fixed by a person sitting on one of the benches just in front of Mrs. Berkeley's party. The face was turned away, but the profile seemed strangely familiar, and Hilda's pulses throbbed as the thought of Dudley flashed through her mind. Suddenly the man turned round, and their eyes met. Hilda did suppress the cry that rose to her lips, but she could not prevent the sudden start and the death-like pallor that overspread her face. Fortunately her emotion passed unnoticed, for at this moment the gas was suddenly turned off, and the Hall left in darkness as the exhibition commenced.

How beautiful they were those exquisite groups of statuary! those scenes in other lands, those ivy-covered ruins and dim cathedral aisles, those palace homes and magnificent piles of architecture—all appearing so natural, so real, that the mind could hardly realize they were only representations! But Hilda saw nothing of the beauty or grandeur of the varied scenes passing before her. Her eye could take in no other object but that well-known face that had such a startling effect, coming so unexpectedly before her. Could she be mistaken; was it indeed Dudley who was sitting there within a few paces! Might it not be a face resembling his?

To be continued.

MY FUST GONG.

BY JOSH BILLINGS,

I never kan eradicate holy from mi memory the sound ov the first gong I ever herd—i was setting on the frunt stupe ov a tavern in the sittu ov Bufferlo, pensively a smokin. The sun was a goin to bed, and the heavens fur and nere was blushing at the purfomance. The Eri kanall with its goldin waters was on its windin wa ty alban, and i was perusin the line botes a flotin by, and thinkin ov Italy, (where i used to live,) and her gondolers and gallus wimmin. Mi entire sole was, as it ware, in a swet, i wanted to climb, i felt grate; i aktuall grew. Thar ar things in this life tu big tu be trifled with, thar ar times when a man brakes luce from hisself, when he sees speerits, when he kan almost tuch the moon, and feels as tho he kud fill both hands with the stars ov heavin and almost sware he was a bank president. Thats what ailed me. But the korse ov tru lov never did run smooth, (this iz Shakesperes opinion too, i and he often think thru one quill) just az i was during my best,dummer, dummer, spat, bang, beller, crash, roar, ram, dummer, dummer, whang, rip, rare, rally, dummer, dummer, dummer, dum with one tremenjis jump, i struck the senter ov the side walk, with anuther I kleared the gutter, and with anuther i stud in the middle ov the the streets snorting like a injin pony at a band ov musik; i gazed in wilde dispare at the tavern stand, my harte swelled up as big as an out door oven, mi teeth were as luce as a string ov prairy beads. I thout all the crokery in the tavern stand had fell down, i thout ov fenomenous. i thout ov gabrel and his horn. i was just on the pint ov thinking ov sumthing else when the landlord cum out to the frunt stupe ov the tavern stand holding by a string the bottom ov an old brass kittle. He called me gentla with his hand, i went slowla and sadla tu him, he calmed my feres, he ced it was a gong; i saw the cussed thing, he ced supper was redy, he axed me if i would have black or green tea, and i ced i would.

Husbands ought to "keep out of the kitchen." A husband that did not, writes thus of the consequence: "I found fault, some time ago, with Maria Ann's custard pie, and tried to tell her how my mother made custard pie. Maria made the pie after my recipe. It lasted longer than any other pie we ever had. Maria set it on the table every day for dinner, and you see I could not eat it because I forgot to tell her to put in any eggs or shortening."

In the Police Court, in Chicago, a wife thus ingeniously explained away serious charges of harsh treatment of her husband:—"One day when she was running across the room with a fork in her hand, he jumped in the way and struck his wrist against the fork, wrenching it from her grip by the tines, which he ran into his wrist. Then he undertook to strike her, but she held up a pan of hot dish water between them, and he spilt it all over his head. Then he got still more angry at this incident, and started to jump at her, and his head came against her hand and he fell down. She took hold of his hair to raise him up, and the hair was moistened by the hot water so that it came off. Then she saw it was no use to reason with him any longer, and she left the house."

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2-24

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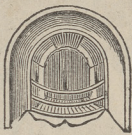
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Sole Agents for the Dominion of Canada.

2-tf



SEIGNIORIAL INDEMNITY TO TOWNSHIPS' FUND.

Whereas, by Order in Council of date APRIL 30, 1867, it is directed that as regards the claims of Municipalities to participate therein, the above Fund shall be finally closed on the 31st DECEMBER of the present Year. Notice is hereby given that all claims which can in any wise alter the distribution thereof must be lodged in this Office on or before the date above named, after which date no alteration can be made in the said distribution.

JOHN LANGTON,
Auditor.
Per J. SIMPSON,
Assist. Auditor.

FINANCE DEPARTMENT.
Ottawa, Dec. 9, 1870. 2-25c

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IN RELATION TO CANADA.

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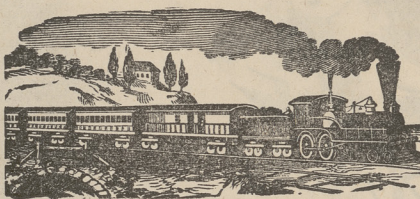
MESSRS. BRODEUR & BEAUVAIS would remind their friends, and the public in general, that they have a complete assortment of Winter Boots and Shoes, and Lady's White Boots and Slippers of every description. Also a large quantity of Gent's French imported Congress Boots, for the small sum of \$3.00 a pair, and a few lots of Lady's Cloth Boots, Lamb Lined, and Lady's Balmoral Boots, Flannel Lined, for \$1.50 a pair. If you wish to make a useful and acceptable present for Christmas or New Year, nothing is more acceptable than a good, warm pair of Boots, for your wife, daughter, or child.

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Accommodation for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 7.10 a. m.
Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 9.00 a. m.
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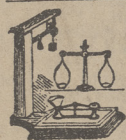
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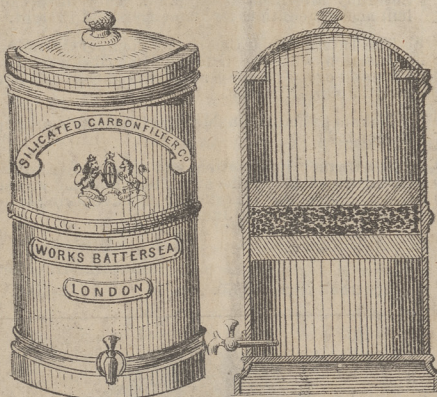
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